

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 753 [NEW SERIES. Vol. IV. No. 16] THURSDAY, FEB. 11, 1909. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper] ONE PENNY

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	313	UNEDITED OPINIONS VI.—INDIAN NATIONALISM. By A. R. Orage	320
THE POLICY OF FABIUS AGAIN.	316	MATERNITIS. By Helen George.	322
THE GREAT BYE-ELECTION JOKE. By S. D. Shallard.	316	THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER. By Eden Phillpotts.	322
AN OPEN LETTER TO THE KING. By Cecil Chesterton.	317	ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Francis Grierson.	323
THE DIRECTIVE ABILITY FETISH. By Edwin Pugh.	318	BOOKS AND PERSONS. By Jacob Tonson.	325
DR. RUSSEL WALLACE ON UNEMPLOYMENT. By C. D. Sharp.	319	BOOK OF THE WEEK: Recent Verse. By F. S. Flint.	327
		CORRESPONDENCE.	328

ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Manager, 12-14 Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London

ADVERTISEMENTS: The latest time for receiving Advertisements is first post Monday for the same week's issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES for England and Abroad:

Three months 1s. 9d.
Six months 3s. 3d.
Twelve months 6s. 6d.

All remittances should be made payable to THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., and sent to 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

[NOTE.—The Editorial address will in future be 4, Yerulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. J. P. BOLAND, M.P., has issued a leaflet on the Irish trade mark which is now in use by over 400 Irish firms. It is a useful device to call attention to the merits of Irish wares, and is a guarantee to the consumer that the goods he buys with the trade mark are of genuine Irish origin. We support efforts in every direction to make Ireland independent of England, and those who favour this method should apply to the Secretary of the Irish Trade Mark Association, 13, Marlborough Street, Cork.

* * *

Socialists are avid of facts; they are always making investigations, printing them and devouring them. The Library of the London School of Economics is making a speciality of housing those facts. It is forming a collection of all publications, even leaflets, for or against Socialism; and in all languages. The Director informs us that the collection contains 2,500 publications, but he wants more. If anyone can satisfy this Oliver Twist let her or him send spare books, periodicals, pamphlets, etc., to the Librarian, Clare Market, W.C. If required he will send a special list of books that are wanted and full information as to admission to the Library. It is really one of the easiest Libraries to get into and one of the hardest to get out of that we know.

* * *

The Unionist Party is obviously justified in refusing their official support to its Free Fooders. By Tariff Reform the party means to swim or sink, and it is a little ridiculous on the part of Lord R. Cecil and his friends to wear that air of injured innocence as of martyrs drummed out of a Party because of their

sturdy independence. If ten persons agree as friends to walk from London to Oxford there is no tyranny imposed if they decline the companionship of those who insist on confining the excursion to the Embankment. The Labour Party has, of course, had precisely the same experience with the Liberal-Labours, and the Socialist Party, when it arises, will have the same difficulty with some Socialist members of the Labour Party. No one seems to want the Free Fooders: the Conservative Party has rejected them; the Liberal Party, says the "Daily News," "is no place for them."

* * *

We do not suppose the Labour Party will offer them a haven of refuge, but we think they might form the nucleus of the anti-Socialist Party whose birth is always being prophesied but ever seems to result in a miscarriage. To let Lord R. Cecil, Mr. Bowles and Co. down easily all the newspaper writers are extolling their marvellous abilities. We are not bound by the gentlemanly code of good form that obtains in this country, and we have no hesitation in declaring that we find Lord R. Cecil a rather pompous, arrogant, and self-sufficient young old man with a very unpleasant and hesitating manner of speech, and with the most incredible ignorance of the impulses that govern human beings. He enjoys hearing himself speak on subjects upon which he knows absolutely nothing; e.g., on the feeding of children and the education of working-class women.

* * *

There were two leading articles in the "Times" of the other day, one dealing with Empire-building, and the other with the Afforestation Report. Quite instructive are the following extracts:—

From Empire-building we turn to Empire-destroying, of which there is a painful example in the fifth of our articles upon the Socialist movement which we publish to-day. There we find that this movement, actively carried on through all sorts of agencies, but always in a spirit of destruction, is pushed into the Navy and Army, where it aims at turning men from their allegiance, at subverting discipline, and at stirring up a spirit of mutinous violence. There has never been a constructive theory in this world which was not good enough for its advocates to practise and live by, though they might be but a small minority. Socialists do not live in any way up to their so-called constructive theory. . . .

It is true that the compulsory acquirement of suitable land is provided for, should owners be loth to sell. But it is generally coming to be realised, from experience of the operations of the Small Holdings Act, that such a provision need entail very little friction where tact is shown in negotiation, while its existence in the background may have a valuable effect where some such additional inducement is necessary. The afforestation of large tracts of moorland in Scotland would naturally interfere to a certain extent with sport. The absorption of land would be so gradual, however, that the inconvenience caused in this way would be reduced to very small dimensions, and the objection to the scheme from this point of view is much

less than might appear from a glance at the whole acreage ultimately involved.

Notice the underlying suggestion in the second extract that if afforestation were to cause any serious inconvenience to sport, the Empire-builders would have a real objection to the scheme; also the desirability of more provision for putting pressure upon the Empire-builders to relinquish their grip upon suitable land. Empire-builders, of course, always live up to their constructive theories.

* * *

Some Empire-builders are more explicit than the "Times." The attitude of the average Imperialist has not been more naively expressed than in the following note from "The Cosmopolitan Financier" of January 23. After pointing out that there is no room for pessimism when we recall the past history of the British Empire, the writer continues:—

A country with such a glorious history has but to look back and take heart. Her over-sea trade is represented to-day by more figures per head of the population than that of any other country. She is the mother of the world's leading bankers, merchants, and carriers. To-day she has large amounts of capital lying idle in the banks awaiting investment, as is shown by the low bank rate, which a year ago stood at 7 per cent. It only awaits a burst of confidence and enterprising activity to attract it to remunerative investment. *To-day proves that England's patriotic sons, who laid down their lives to rescue the mines of the Transvaal, had the honour and love of their country very near their hearts. During the month of December last, nearly three millions worth of gold was turned out of those mines, and this year we may expect an output of forty millions, which must inevitably have its effect on the commerce of the country. These mines are infinitely richer than those of Australia and California.*

We are only responsible for the italics.

* * *

Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Mr. Bruce Glasier, are quite lugubrious because the Labour Party's Executive was not adequately criticised. Mr. Hardie says: "Neither the discussion nor the division on the resolution on party policy at all indicated what was in the minds of many of the delegates." These gentlemen, of course, knew very well what was in the minds of the delegates and they take very good care that discussion shall be burked. Mr. George Bernard Shaw writes in the "Clarion" that it was impossible for us to have a straightforward discussion on a motion drawn in accurate, friendly, and honourable terms." Mr. Shaw rather suggests that it is sheer stupidity on the part of the organisers of these Conferences that:

"Nobody could move anything; nobody could amend anything; nobody could, even by universal consent, take the plainest steps out of the most absurd dilemmas. Nothing was in order except the resolutions and amendments of which notice had been given, and which were printed on the agenda."

Mr. Shaw, of course, knows well enough that this is not due to Mr. MacDonald's stupidity, but to his astuteness. With cut-and-dried resolutions it is easy to regulate the voting of the delegates; were amendments allowed to be moved during the Conference the Executive would not have the same control over the voting of their friends. Mr. Shaw discovered that he had either to speak on "a mass of slovenly resolutions, silly resolutions, even spiteful resolutions, or be silent." Knowing all this from former Labour Conferences; knowing how cleverly the whole organisation is manipulated by Mr. MacDonald and his Executive, no one will be surprised that Mr. Grayson had determined to take no part in the Conference. Mr. Shaw admits that he only just managed to escape muzzling because he is a Superior Person, a capitalist and an "intellectual" with 30 years' professional practice. Mr. Grayson, unfortunately, possesses none of these qualities, and so had to muzzle himself or be muzzled.

* * *

Mr. Blatchford may be saddened because

"This last so-called Labour Conference displayed more energy, interest, and cunning in opposing the influence of Socialism than in preparing to attack the enemies of their class."

"Justice" may regret Mr. MacDonald's victory, since

it "means the death of the Labour Party, as an independent political force." However, the Labour Party have the approval of the "Daily News" and of their own consciences. "What more can we want? We are told that it was free to anyone to organise an opposition, to manipulate the resolutions, etc., just as it is to the Executive. This is not, of course, quite the case; the party in power has the whole machinery working for it and is acquainted with details that outsiders cannot obtain knowledge of. But, pace Mr. Chesterton, we think too well of democracy to take any share in this process of demoralisation, even were we assured of scoring a point now. It is really rather horrible when you reflect that the paid representatives of democracy are using the same tricks to keep themselves in power as the baser sort of members of Parliament. We admit they believe themselves to be acting from the best of motives: that without their guidance there would be a political reaction. But no doubt the Blumenfelds and the Levy Lawsons and the Rothschilds would equally justify themselves. Anybody can find a moral reason for any sort of baseness. We have finished with the Portsmouth Conference; we must now help in the preparation of the soil for that unity of Socialists which must be the outcome of the present chaos.

* * *

Honest enquirers who want to know what Socialism is cannot do better than read Conrad Noel or A. J. Carlyle in the January number of the "Church Socialist Quarterly." Starting from the Church Socialist League's excellent definition that "Socialism is the principle according to which the community shall own the land and industrial capital collectively, and administer them co-operatively for the good of all," Conrad Noel plainly sets forth wherein the Church Socialists of to-day differ from the Christian Socialists of other days—of whom not a few still linger on the stage. "There are many kinds of human beings, and therefore many kinds of Socialists, but there is only one kind of Socialism. . . . Church Socialists mean to supplant the present system by the above defined economic Socialism. . . . Christian Socialism stands for support of the present system with certain modifications, plus personal service, slumming, and sympathy for the victims." It has, in fact, pretty much the same aims as the Labour Party, which stands for the present system with certain modifications, the chief of these being that our present masters shall be replaced by some Trade Unionists, who will, like Mr. A. Henderson of the Personal Service League, give their kind sympathy and personal service to the "poor"—unbenighted working men or unemployed. The parsons at all events conceive their personal services in another fashion. On February 13, at 3 p.m., in Trafalgar Square, there will be "a mass meeting of parsons and unemployed." And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.

* * *

The Azeff mystery grows more and more perplexing; we confess ourselves quite incapable of unravelling the threads, and we suspect that the truth will never be completely elicited. M. Hervé, in "La Guerre Sociale," suggests that the evidence against Azeff provided by M. Lopukhin, the former Director of the Police Department, should not be completely believed, and that, after all, Azeff is possibly no traitor to the Anarchist cause. In that case, Lopukhin's melodramatic arrest, with its "Gentlemen, do your duty," was a piece of bluff. On the other hand, the tribunal that tried Azeff is unimpeachable; and Prince Kropotkin is said to be an old friend of Azeff. Moreover, we know that neither he nor Burtzeff would have given a verdict of guilty without the fullest evidence; it stands to reason, also, that the revolutionary leaders would not willingly acknowledge that they had been duped during many years by someone who had access to their most secret counsels. It is, at all events, sufficiently clear that Russia is now in the hands of a Tsar and a few men who assassinate not alone their political enemies, but anyone against whom they have a personal spite or whom they feel to be in the way. England is, to our

sorrow, also involved in this disgrace, because, not only are Russian police spies—Azeffs and would-be Azeffs—encouraged to dwell in our midst, but the Tsar and his co-executioners are the close allies and friends of the King and the Liberal Government. We do not think these disclosures are likely to have any effect in staying the Russian revolutionary parties; they are merely hibernating after their superhuman efforts of the last few years. We can safely predict the renewed activity of the movement in a very short time.

* * *

The Care Committees of the London County Council were, we opined, committees for the care of school children. We were mistaken. They are committees for the care of money-bags, and are now rapidly being packed by women of the Idle Rich Class; by women who have been especially trained by the C.O.S. to compensate for their lack of the feelings common to human beings by general ignorance and prejudice. On one Care Committee in one of London's poorest districts there serves the Lady A. B. X., the relative of a peer whose services have been handsomely rewarded by the State. A few days ago she discovered a child being fed whose father had just got some employment. This, said her ladyship, was no longer a necessitous child. Vainly did someone protest that the man had been out of work throughout the winter, he had only been six days employed, that he was in arrears with his rent, owed money to the shopkeepers, and that it would take a little while to set his affairs in order. Finally, her ladyship sent for the child, and said the committee was to vote as to whether dinners were required or not in this case. Teachers serve on these committees, and they knew her ladyship had been directly planked down by the County Council. Were it not so tragic for the child, there would be something ludicrous in a committee stolidly voting as to whether a child should be fed or not. It reads like the anti-Socialist's travesty of Socialism, not as an actual instance of Capitalism. We are aware that Socialists do not, unfortunately, belong to the leisured classes, and these committee meetings are held in the afternoon, but we urge all who can find the time to serve on these Care Committees.

* * *

The whole business is a painful commentary on the danger to Socialism in accepting compromises. The Socialists demanded school meals for all children as an essential part of their education. The meals were to be suitably selected for children by the best experts available; they were to be served with some pretensions to decency and refinement. In practice we have a few of the more starving of the children grudgingly supplied with oftentimes quite unsuitable food procured from dirty cookshops (at an unwarrantable cost), served in wretched mission halls on dirty tables, sometimes without either knives or forks. We could not, of course, have done otherwise. We were bound to accept what we could get, because some of the overfed ladies of the wealthy class could no longer endure the appeals of our starving school children.

* * *

It is only characteristic of our times that the Lord Chief Justice "could not imagine anything worse for public morality than the publication of the terrible details which were now being sent down from Edinburgh day by day. The publicity given to proceedings in the Divorce Court was a public evil." There is no condemnation for the conditions of our marriage and divorce laws, which make such proceedings necessary, no condemnation of the proceedings themselves; the evil is that the public as a whole should be made aware of what every member of the public is individually fully acquainted with. These judges have once been barristers, and are perfectly acquainted with the whole system; they presumably mix among their fellow-men, and are therefore acquainted with the ordinary gossip of men and women. They must know something of the facts about the conditions of sexual life in this country. Apparently for a mere desire to fix the entente cordiale by showing that our neighbours are right in calling us hypocrites, the judges affirm that people in England

may do what they like so long as nobody knows about it; so long as people conform outwardly to the customary morality, there is no harm in their defying the whole decalogue.

* * *

In an interview by J. M. Kennedy with John Burns that appeared in the "Daily Dispatch," the President of the Local Government Board, says: "I am an out-and-out Socialist, and it is for that very reason that I dislike the Labour Party." He looks upon the Labour members as men of straw; mere jellyfish. "They are vacillating between Liberalism and Socialism, and they will in time inevitably gravitate to the Liberal Party." Mr. Burns should have some sympathy with their position; his personal experience should help him to understand how sea-sick one gets when one is vacillating. If the Labour men are men of straw we are afraid that Mr. Burns can only be regarded as a lath painted to look like iron. Certainly he has managed to conceal his convictions so adroitly that he is now the model Minister of the Tory Press. There is not a single piece of legislation that stands to Mr. Burns's credit since he has joined the Government. On the contrary, he has thwarted legitimate experiments in the direction of agricultural colonies; he has refused much-needed help to unemployed women (especially in London); and he is now apparently preparing to resist any extension of the Old Age Pensions Act. We look forward with some apprehension to his action on the Afforestation and Poor Law Reports.

* * *

A few weeks ago we somewhat joyously heralded a discussion on "The Endowment of Motherhood" that the Women's Labour League was about to hold at Portsmouth. The discussion took place; the reports in the Press were too meagre to give us much enlightenment; whilst the correspondence in this week's "Labour Leader" leaves us more in the dark than ever. Miss Macarthur and Miss Bondfield write to deny that Dr. Bentham or Miss Macarthur advocated "State support of mothers irrespective of fathers." But if the fathers are to support the mothers, where does the State come in? If we prohibit women working in factories for a specified time before and after childbirth, giving them a proper wage in return, is it intended that this money shall be paid to the women or to the men? In the latter case it would not be, of course, irrespective of fathers, but we cannot believe the ladies mean this. We imagine they are intent on securing some economic independence for women, and would not desire to tie them up more closely than ever. If, as we suppose, Dr. Bentham and Miss Macarthur are agreed these payments should go direct to the mother, where does the father come in? We quite understand that much misrepresentation and obloquy will be the lot of those who, like ourselves, advocate the endowment of motherhood irrespective of fathers, but that is nothing more than is met with by every Socialist nowadays until the demands are thoroughly understood.

* * *

Our readers will observe an advertisement in this issue of the inaugural meeting of the "Right to Live Campaign" in the Holborn Town Hall on Tuesday, 23rd inst. Certainly the name of the new organisation is a striking one, and concerns what is undoubtedly the greatest problem we have to deal with to-day. We are not in love with the formation of new parties—as such—but if the "Right to Live Campaign" can bring about Conciliation and Consolidation, even if only inside the progressive movement, then it will do a work that very much needs doing. The sponsors admit with cheerful frankness that they are practically unknown men, but that is possibly all in their favour, and is evidence of their courage and enthusiasm. We shall await with interest the pronouncements of the meeting.

* * *

[NEXT WEEK.—"School Feeding at Bradford," by Alderman Hartley; "The Modern Athlete," by the Hon. Neville Lytton; "An Interview with the Kaiser," by Maxim Gorki.]

The Policy of Fabius again.

Two years ago the disciples of Fabius the Delayer almost made up their minds. After long years of patient waiting that would have done credit to uncomplaining Job, they suddenly began to pass brave resolutions calling for a Socialist Party which would represent them in Parliament. One thing they said they were determined on: they would no longer be misrepresented by the Labour Party. At least, that was the only meaning which could be attached to the resolution which was passed in January, 1907: "As soon as possible after the next Executive election, the new Executive shall appoint a special committee to inquire into and report upon the best means of promoting local Socialist societies of the Fabian type, with the object of increasing the Socialist representation in Parliament as a party co-operating as far as possible with the Labour Party, whilst remaining independent of that and all other parties."

The Committee sat; and reported in favour of asking the Society whether it would subscribe money to a fund to finance Fabian candidates. As to the exact position of these candidates, whether they were to be Liberals, Tories, Labour men, or Socialists the report was delightfully vague. However, Fabians are accustomed to vagueness in political matters, and the members promised a substantial amount of money. Then came a pause: nothing was done. Note the steps. First, a call for independent Socialist candidates: then this began to dwindle away to a demand for any kind of candidates: then, a placid tendency to allow the whole matter quietly to drop. THE NEW AGE has already warned the Fabians who mean business (they are mostly in the provinces, and do not realise what is taking place at the Essex Hall meetings) that this gradual evasion of the political problem will be attempted. There are reasons for suspecting that the resolution of January, 1907, was not meant to be taken seriously. It was necessary to find some method of crushing a new spirit which was rising in the Fabian Society at that time; and the sensational political announcement no doubt served its purpose of smashing Mr. Wells and his supporters.

But that is not the end of this slippery evolution in Fabian political policy. In the "Fabian News" of this month we find it recorded that a resolution was proposed which asked the Society to withdraw from the Labour Party, in order to carry out its previous determination to run independent candidates. To this an amendment was moved by Mr. Bernard Shaw, on behalf of the Executive, approving the affiliation to the Labour Party, and congratulating it on the addition to its ranks of five hundred thousand miners; adding, as a mild conclusion, that it would be well if the Labour Party announced a definite programme which should distinguish it from the capitalist parties.

In other words, Mr. Bernard Shaw, within two years, has moved and carried by overwhelming majorities two resolutions diametrically different in their practical effects. When the Labour Party had just entered Parliament and really seemed likely to get on the right lines, and develop in the Socialist direction, Mr. Shaw persuaded the Essex Hall meeting (not the Fabian Society) that the time had come to act outside that promising party. Two years later, when the Labour Party has broken every promise of its earlier career, and has behaved with such weakness that it cannot any longer give hope of becoming a militant Socialist Party, then Mr. Shaw persuades another similar meeting that it should treat this timid party with every gentle consideration, and reaffirm its affiliation.

In short, in spite of the events which have, during the last two years, turned the Labour Party from a thing of promise to a broken reed, the Fabian Society declines to see the seriousness of the position; it has announced once more, to all whom it may concern, that its political policy was, is, and ever shall be, the policy of the Law of Topsy Turvy; a policy for intellectual acrobats, who are equally at home on their heads or their heels.

We have been careful to point out that these political plans were determined by a meeting of the Essex Hall group, which takes the liberty of calling itself the business meeting of the Fabian Society. We refuse to believe that the provincial Fabians, to whom political work is a serious matter, and too important a thing for mental buffoonery, will allow themselves to be made the joke of the Socialist movement. They know that the time has come to make a serious decision as to what the political policy of their Society shall be. They will be ambitious to prove the so-far idle Fabian boast that they are the intellectual leaders of the Socialist movement.

They now have their opportunity of raising the Fabian Society once more into the front rank. Two years ago it seemed that the Labour Party would soon develop into a Socialist body. That hope has been unexpectedly dashed to the ground; and we are face to face with the fact that we have no organisation ready for an immediate Parliamentary advance which will have any hope of rapid success. The S.D.P. has long bravely stuck to its guns and run Socialist candidates. There is a large discontented section of the I.L.P. which wishes to do the same. But the Fabian Society has so far denied its faith by getting its men into Parliament under any colours which promised success; while the I.L.P. has fallen back on the Labour Party, because it did not see any hope of purely Socialist support.

Now is the time for the Fabian Society to reverse its former weak policy and lead the way to a wide Socialist political unity. We do not suggest that the Fabian Society can do much by itself. It is only a small force at present; but it has possibilities, if it will only behave like a rational body in political affairs, instead of allowing itself to be stamped as the irresponsible clown of the movement. If it would declare for a vigorous political campaign by avowed Socialist candidates it would rally to its support all the S.D.P. and the serious men in the I.L.P. And, in return, it would give its aid to the candidates put forward by the other two organisations.

There would be found the nucleus of a Socialist Party: the S.D.P., the serious branches of the I.L.P., and the Fabian Society all co-operating for the common purpose of running Parliamentary and municipal candidates, while they all retained their individuality as societies. It is the last chance of the Fabians to play a substantial part in the Socialist capture of the English Parliament. We warn them that every effort will be made by those who oppose political action to keep the control of the Society's affairs in the hands of the Essex Hall meeting; which is entirely under the tongue of one or two men, who can make it stand on its head or its heels at pleasure. So the first step must be to have Essex Hall supplanted by a delegate meeting of members who will vote with some consideration for the facts of the case. Then the Fabian Society will begin once more to count in English Socialism.

The Great Bye-Election Joke.

NEVER can there have been a Cabinet with so ripe a sense of humour! Mr. Churchill's breezy jocularities, Mr. Lloyd George's poignant wit, Mr. Harcourt's persiflage, St. Augustine's delightful birrell-ing, the droleries of Sir Wm. Robson—(the General Election *after* next, ha! ha!)—the genial badinage of Lord Crewe—the humorous qualities of all these gifted individuals are so well known that one expects the press reports of Ministerial speeches to contain the parenthesis "loud laughter" nearly as often as "great confusion, amid which the lady was violently ejected."

These individual qualities are known, but the collective humour of our Cabinet has perhaps hardly received due attention.

Now, the richest joke which it has yet played on any section of its supporters is the great East Coast of Scotland bye-election joke . . . and, with faultless instinct, the very cream of the joke has been reserved to the last.

There is nowhere so stalwartly, sturdily, officially Radical as the East Coast of Scotland: it is the one spot

in the kingdom where you can make an audience perspire by scathing references to an Irresponsible, Non-Elected Chamber: it is the one place on earth where the sentences printed all in capital letters in "Reynolds's Newspaper" are taken seriously. And of all brands of East Coast Radicalism there is none so unwaveringly democratic, so fiercely assailant of mere hereditary privilege as that of the Forfarshire Radicals. Three Radicals did they send in 1906 to represent them in Parliament . . . to help the new Government end or mend the House of Lords . . . and one "Labour" man because he was a better Radical even than the official Liberal whom he beat.

Well, the joke which the Government has played off on Forfarshire has been to make three bye-elections in the past nine months by the elevation of those three stalwart Radical M.P.s to three new peerages. (It is not known whether the Labour man has been overlooked or has refused.)

Dundee lost its valued Mr. E. Robertson; Montrose Burghs lost Citizen Morley, friend of Ireland and of the South African Republics, who went to the House of Lords rather than allow his administration of India to be criticised by the elected representatives of the common people. And now Mr. Sinclair has been lost to his friends because the House of Lords complains that it has no Scottish Secretary to satisfy its thirst for information. This is the very cream of the joke, for when Lord Linlithgow was Secretary for Scotland in Mr. Balfour's Ministry, the Scottish Liberals complained bitterly of the Tory Secretary being aristocratically sheltered from their criticisms by his absence in the irresponsible, non-elected, gilded Chamber.

* * * * *

How will the county electors of Forfarshire take this?

Dundee and Montrose Burghs certainly made wry faces, but they swallowed the joke. Is the county going to swallow?

The county is less sophisticated and Anglicised than the industrial centres: its workers are mainly agricultural or pastoral or are fishermen. Of course, there is a good deal of textile work, but in these small communities—such as "Thrums"—there is yet plenty of independent political spirit. For "Thrums" is in the county. At least, I suppose it to be so, for I remember it as an easy and delightful walk from Forfar, certainly less than two hours. Air like wine, and the fragrant scent of the braes grateful to the jaded townsman. One got there for an early cup of tea, then stood out in the open space in front of the church, and spoke of the magic of gold, one's voice competing against the screams of wheeling battalions of rowdy swifts. They failed, seemingly, to drown the voice of truth, for one had a hundred keen questions which showed close attention.

If only the Liberal speakers during the bye-election should have half a hundred questions half as keen!

Or is the history of Liberal peerages unknown to these people—undreamt of? If so, they might not perhaps realise how exquisite is the humour of an anti-Lords Ministry which adds annually—and at intervals—to the procession already led by Rendel, Loreburn, Fitzmaurice, Weardale, Haversham, Wolverhampton, Hemphill, Joicey, Swaythling, Nunburnholme, Winterstoke, Airedale, and all the other fantastic sham-Saxon aliases by which coal hopes to cleanse its grime, cotton hide its clay adulterants, and usury disguise its odour.

Perhaps Forfarshire has never followed the sordid comedy in which Moey Isaacs, the money-lender, becomes M. Isaacs-Stewart, Esq., M.P. (Liberal), then Sir Isaac Stewart, Bart., and finally the Lord Meadow-sweet of Uplands, whose revered dust is hardly at rest in the lady-chapel of the little village church where he loved to linger in prayer, before his successor has begun casting his vote against all progressive legislation.

Sometimes our Lord Meadowsweets do not even wait for their successors to execute that manœuvre. . . .

Perhaps Forfarshire does not even know that the Burton peerage was created by Mr. Gladstone?

It is not certain that all these new peers will wait quite a number of years—as Lord Burton did—before entering the Tory fold.

In the very same Session that Knatchbull-Hugesson was made a peer by Gladstone he voted against his creator, whereat Lord Houghton—another renegade—satirically rallied him thus: "You really ought to know better than vote against the party that has ennobled you . . . in the very first Session of your peerage."

It would be rather jolly to go canvassing in Forfarshire, if one had as many automobiles as the Charlesworth family, and their ability for obtaining unlimited credit . . . in this case with tyre-makers. Or one might, at any rate, talk again to the weavers of Thrums, or the fisherfolk of Carnoustie—lean, well-knit men and brown-faced, clear-eyed women. One might tell them about old Moey Isaacs and his £100,000, and his sons and nephews in Under Secretaryships and Private Secretaryships and Assistant Secretaryships. And about Lord Houghton and Knatchbull-Hugesson. It would be something to see the smile broaden as the joke came home.

But . . . would it come home? Or must it be . . . surgery? S. D. SHALLARD.

An Open Letter to King Edward VII.

SIR,—I venture to address this Appeal to your Majesty because you represent the one popular part of the Constitution. The British people regard the House of Lords with passive indifference and the House of Commons with active detestation, but they have a real love for the Crown. Moreover, there are many questions upon which I am disposed to think that you are more in accord with your subjects than are their elected representatives. You smoke; you drink fermented liquors; you are fond of the hazards of sport. You could talk to an average workman about matters—the Derby, for instance—which interest him. I doubt if many of your Ministers could do the same. In a word, your Majesty is reputed a good sportsman. I propose to you a sporting chance.

Your Majesty inherits a Crown of which the prerogatives were once ample enough to satisfy every reasonable human ambition. One by one these prerogatives have been wrested from the Crown and transferred to the Parliament. But let me point out that this has not been the work of your people. The people, bewildered and inarticulate, were yet during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries generally on the side of the Sovereign. It was the close and more or less corrupt oligarchy which made the revolution of 1689, which deprived the Crown of its ancient executive functions, which strove to reduce the King of England to a mere Doge. That oligarchy has been in the past the principal enemy of your Majesty's prerogatives; it is now the principal enemy of your people's rights.

You are far too wise a sovereign not to have noted the rumblings of popular discontent which are to be heard on all sides. As yet they are inarticulate and purposeless. The people, conscious that they are wronged, are not clear as to who is responsible for the wrong. They fly for relief, now to Radicalism, now to Labour Parties, now to Tariff Reform. When all these resources have failed them, someone will direct their anger against the Executive Government. You, as the titular head of that Executive, will, unless you take steps to avoid it, share the unpopularity of your servants. When the Lords and Commons as at present constituted go down, the Crown will go down with them, unless at the last moment it asserts its independence. But, if the Crown, while its popularity lasts, allies itself with the people against the oligarchy, your Majesty may yet live to be a greater and more powerful King than any that has ruled in England since 1640.

In order to do this your Majesty need not encroach in the smallest degree upon the legal prerogatives of

Parliament. Four powers are yours of immemorial prescription, the power of appointing and dismissing Ministers, the power of convoking and dissolving Parliaments, the command of the nation's armies and fleets, and the right to create peers. The judicious use of these would suffice to make you as great as Elizabeth.

Your first move should be to dismiss your present advisers. There is no step which would so much endear you to your loving subjects. The country is thoroughly sick of them, and has expressed its disgust whenever it has had a chance of doing so. But the mere dismissal of the official Liberals, though it would be highly popular, would have no permanent results, if they were to be succeeded by the official Conservatives, who would soon become equally odious to the people. Your object should be to destroy that farce of party government which has reduced the rights of both sovereign and people to a shadow. Your Majesty should choose for your Ministers able men of whatever political complexion who are willing to assist you in carrying out your programme.

That programme should be simple and decisive enough to evoke the support of the masses. It should include (1) the resumption by the Crown, as representing the Nation, of the land of England, which was once held from it on various feudal tenures, but was subsequently filched by the oligarchy; (2) the use of the vast resources which such a policy would place at the disposal of the Crown to start great national industries which would absorb the unemployed; (3) the shifting of taxation from the necessities and petty luxuries of the poor (beer, tea, tobacco), to the unearned incomes of the rich; (4) the establishment of a minimum wage for labour.

Of course, the oligarchy would fight against such a programme as fiercely as their predecessors fought against the Stuarts. But they would find their old constitutional checks as useless under present conditions as the pikes and muskets of Naseby would be in modern war. The command of the Army and Navy belongs to your Majesty, and, though a few plutocratic officers might throw up their commission, I am convinced that you could rely on the loyalty of your troops and your sailors to fight in so popular a cause.

Moreover, if Parliament proved refractory, your Majesty has always the right to appeal to your people. The result of such an appeal could not be for a moment in doubt. Already there is a strong disposition on the part of the industrial population to return men pledged to put the betterment of their social conditions before all other matters. But had these men the further advantage of your Majesty's countenance, could they appeal to your personal popularity, and to the honour in which your throne is held, can there be any doubt that the Royalist-Labour Party would sweep the country? As to the Lords, if they resisted, it is within your power to overcome their opposition by King James's expedient—by bestowing baronetcies on a troop of Guards or on a branch of the S.D.P.

There can surely be no doubt that such a revolution (or restoration) would make your Majesty more of a king than any sovereign since the Tudors. Socialism (and the programme which I have outlined would amount to little less) implies a strong Executive, and your Majesty, as the head of that Executive, would necessarily have large powers and resources. It is true that some of the more hot-headed revolutionists might grumble at the present amount of your private income. But (apart from the fact that I cannot believe that such a consideration would weigh with you) I feel sure that wiser and more prudent counsels would prevail. Your Majesty's help would be invaluable to us; it would enable us to do in a few years what we could hardly hope to do without it in a century. With the two heavy millstones of rent and interest removed from the necks of the people, we could well afford to be generous. Nor, where your Majesty is concerned, do I think that the British peoples would ever feel disposed to be otherwise.

It is more than a hundred and fifty years since the greatest speculative Englishman of the dark ages which

intervened between the Reformation and the French Revolution, Lord Bolingbroke, summed up the case for monarchy in a phrase: "The Parliament is the Parliament of a class; the King is the King of the whole people." That the first clause is still true few will dispute: it remains for your Majesty to prove the truth of the second.

I am, your Majesty's obedient subject,
CECIL CHESTERTON.

The Directive Ability Fetish.

By Edwin Pugh.

THE pet god of Mr. Mallock's idolatry is a nebulous something that he calls Directive Ability, and defines variously as "the application of exceptional mental powers, not to the manual labour of the men by whom these powers are possessed, but to the process of directing and co-ordinating the divided labours of others"; and also—in contradistinction to Labour, which he says is "the mind or the brain of one man affecting that man's own hands"—as "the mind or brain of one man simultaneously affecting the hands of any number of other men, and through their hands the simultaneous tasks of all of them, no matter how various these tasks may be."

He cites several instances of what he means by Directive Ability, from which I select two. First he says, speaking of books: "Let us take two editions of ten thousand copies each, similarly printed and priced at six shillings a copy; the one being an edition of a book so dull that but twenty copies can be sold of it, the other of a book so interesting that the public buys the whole ten thousand. Now, apart from its negligible value as so many tons of waste paper, each pile of books represents economic wealth only in proportion to the quantity of it for which the vendors can find purchasers. Hence we have in the present case two piles of printed paper which, regarded as pattered with printer's ink, are similar, but one of which is wealth to the extent of three thousand pounds, while the other is wealth to the extent of no more than six pounds. And to what is the difference between these two values due? It obviously cannot be due to the manual labour of the compositors, for this, both in kind and quality, is in each case the same. It is due to the special directions under which the labour of the compositors is performed. But these directions do not emanate from the men by whose hands the types are arranged in a given order. They come from the author, who conveys them to the compositors through his manuscript; which manuscript, considered under its economic aspect, is neither more nor less than a series of minute orders, which modify from second to second every movement of the compositors' hands, and determine the subsequent results of every impress of the type on paper; one mind thus, by directing the labour of others, imparting the quality of much wealth or of little or of none, to every one of the ten thousand copies of which the edition is composed."

His second instance is equally illuminative. "If (says he) a singer sings to an audience, his effort is technically 'labour,' because it ends with the single task; but if he sings so as to produce a gramophone record, his effort is an act of 'ability,' for he influences the products of other men, by whom the records are multiplied."

"Could anything be sillier! According to Mr. Mallock, the author of an Exhibition Guide, which often sells by the hundred thousand, and can be a most valuable property, is greater—or at least of far more importance to his fellow men—than any literary genius. His instance of the singer and the gramophone is quite as worthy of his penetrative mind. There are fifth-rate music-hall vocalists singing the songs of popular red-nosed comedians into gramophones, the records of which sell in vastly larger numbers, and are infinitely more profitable than the records of Melba and Caruso. These raucous-voiced buffoons, then, are possessed of considerably more Directive Ability (though, in my

opinion, directive ability has nothing to do with either case) than the finest operatic artist. The whole contention is so blatantly ridiculous that one feels humiliated by the act of exposing its manifest and manifold absurdities. And what of the publisher of the book, who often does nothing whatever, sometimes does not even read the book until it has appeared, does not even arrange for its advertisement, and certainly has no hand in any manual labour connected with its production, and yet gets usually twice, and occasionally twenty times as much as the author out of the proceeds of the sale? Will Mr. Mallock kindly demonstrate mathematically the relative values of the Directive Ability of the author and the publisher, not to speak of the eminent divine who denounces the book from his pulpit? Then there are the shareholders in the limited liability company that exploits the gramophone, and all who contribute, directly or indirectly, to its financial success. Many of them might be incapable of setting one of their own instruments going. Yet they batten on the talent of the inventor, the singer, the exhibitor, the shopman, and all the mechanics employed in its manufacture. Where does their Directive Ability come in?

Really, it is difficult for me to take such puerile nonsense seriously; but I will do my best.

I will assume that Mr. Mallock means by Directive Ability the sort of faculty that a man of the type of Sir Thomas Lipton possesses. Now, I have turned my hand to many jobs in my time, and I have worked for all sorts of employers, from professional men to petty tradesmen. And my experience has convinced me that this vaunted Directive Ability, about which Mr. Mallock vapours, is about the commonest kind of faculty in the market. Many of our captains of industry—millionaires, some of them—owe their position and their influence to sheer luck. More are indebted to the blind self-devotion of underlings, that only a man without truth or honesty would be mean enough to take advantage of. In a firm for which I worked there were four partners. The poorest of the partners drew ten times the salary of the managing clerk; but when the managing-clerk died, that firm tottered headlong to its fall, and in a couple of years was bankrupt: not because that particular managing-clerk had any exceptional Directive Ability—a thousand other clerks might easily have been found to take his place—but because the partners, not realising that they had no ability of any kind whatsoever, tried to run the business themselves. In many thriving workshops and factories the same condition of affairs prevails. The masters do not know one tool from another. They employ managers and foremen and travellers, who come and go, and are taken on and discharged at haphazard; yet the profits steadily increase, thanks entirely to the excellent craftsmanship of the common workmen. Again, there have been numberless private enterprises under the control of one man who, in the parlance, has "built up a fine trade with his own hands," which, on being turned into limited companies, have multiplied their profits over and over again, and have developed in all manner of new directions, despite that the original Directive Ability has been completely withdrawn from the business. It is not the gaffer or the foreman, or the overseer who has most to do with the fortunes of a firm, and certainly it is not the directors of such gigantic concerns as railway companies: it is the patient, conscientious human asses who mutely bear the heat and burden of the day until, being worn out, they are cast aside to make room for others like them.

Directive Ability, forsooth! What measure of Directive Ability is it that directs the destinies of our great British Empire? There are, roughly, two spring-boards from which you may leap into place and power in England. One of them you may call Influence or Hereditary Privilege, as you please; the other is, undeniably, the Gift of the Gab. Our Cabinet Ministers, and other high dignitaries, are not appointed because they have any knowledge of their duties, but because they can talk. This is patent from the fact that one man may pass from the Board of Trade to the Board of Educa-

tion, from the Board of Education to the War Office, and from the War Office to Canada or India as Viceroy, irrespective of his natural qualifications for each different post, simply because the Government knows quite well that the rank and file of the Civil Service may safely be trusted to do all the necessary thinking and planning and working for him.

But Mr. Mallock has apparently lived so long in a state of patrician polarity that he does not know these commonplace facts. It is a pity; for he has a queer kind of perverse ingenuity that is as fascinating and as irritating as a sky-sign.

Dr. A. R. Wallace on Unemployment.

WITH every inclination to accord to Dr. Wallace the respect which is due to so distinguished a scientist it is impossible to congratulate him upon this essay of his in social politics.* Indeed, it is difficult to take it seriously at all, and one would gladly avoid making the attempt. But in his letter published in THE NEW AGE of January 14 Dr. Wallace specially requested that his proposals should be criticised in these columns, and his request is the sole explanation for the appearance of this article.

Dr. Wallace does not profess to be the originator of the scheme which he advocates. He writes this pamphlet merely to call attention to a hitherto neglected work upon poverty and unemployment written by Herbert V. Mills and published about twenty years ago. It does not seem very surprising that the book has been neglected, since, to judge from Dr. Wallace's account of it, it must have been several decades out of date when it was first published.

The scheme has, however, the merit of simplicity, a quality which more modern treatises upon the subject certainly cannot boast. It is easily described. Each Local Authority is to purchase 2,000 acres or more of land and to provide upon it suitable houses to accommodate 4,000 or 5,000 of the unemployed, together with sufficient tools, machines, and buildings to provide the whole community with the necessaries of life. All such necessaries are to be produced within the boundaries of the colony so that it may be entirely self-supporting. It would grow its own wheat and its own flax, weave its own wool, make its own clothes, and its own paper and drain pipes. It would even produce its own sugar from home-grown beet-root. When its home-reared sheep and cattle had passed through the butcher's hands, there would be an ample supply of skins to provide employment for "tanners, curriers, saddlers, shoemakers, etc." Whilst "the bones and horns might be used to make handles of domestic cutlery and for old-fashioned but useful lanterns." Nothing would be wasted, not even "the refuse fat," which "would be made into soap for the use of the community." The power necessary for the various kinds of machinery, for electric light, and for cooking and heating purposes would be provided "by water or wind mills (or both)." No money would be paid, but every worker would receive an "abundance" of good food, fuel, clothing, etc., from the common stock. Finally the organisation of the whole community would be in the hands of a "despotic" director, whose rule would continue until the inhabitants were sufficiently trained to be trusted with self-government. Dr. Wallace points out that the selection of suitable directors would be of vital importance, and suggests that such a post "would be congenial to many of our broad-minded clergy," also "to such sympathetic writers about the poor as Mr. Whiteing and Mr. Zangwill."

This brief outline will, I hope, convey to the reader something of the spirit as well as the letter of Dr. Wallace's proposals. The difficulty is to know where to begin to criticise them. Dr. Wallace has refused in advance to accept the criticism that his scheme "would

* "The Remedy for Unemployment." By A. R. Wallace, O.M., F.R.S. "Pass on Pamphlets," No. 8. (Clarion Press. 1d.)

not work" unless the critic is prepared to give exact details as to where it has been tried and failed under the conditions which Mr. Mills and he have laid down. Certainly I am not prepared to do that. I do not suppose it ever has been tried, and I feel sure that it never will be. It is unthinkable that such closely "protected" colonies should ever be set up in the midst of a great industrial community like ours; and close protection, to prevent competition from outside industries, is the most vital feature of the whole scheme. Nothing is to be imported which can be produced inside the colony, and only one-fifth at most of the produce of the colony is to be exported in exchange for such necessaries as tea and coal and iron.

The fiscal problem is thus raised in its most elementary and acute form. Suppose, after the colony has become "self-governing," it finds that it can obtain cheaper bread by using all its land for grazing purposes and exchanging its surplus cattle for foreign-grown wheat. Or suppose it found (as it almost invariably would find) that it could obtain a very much cheaper supply of electric power by exchanging its surplus cotton goods (say) for current supplied from some large outside power works whose machinery was more efficient than windmills. Who would forbid the exchange? or enforce the prohibition? The Local Government Board? If so, where is the "self-government" gone? On the other hand, if the exchange were allowed, free competition with outside industries would quickly ensue, the economic basis of the whole scheme would be destroyed, and the colony would "go under"; for by hypothesis the colonies consist of the dregs of the industrial population, and could not be expected to hold their own with the outside world even if their moral and physical regeneration were such as to satisfy Dr. Wallace's most sanguine estimate.

This brings us to another great difficulty. Dr. Wallace hopefully asserts that "the 'unemployable' are in reality by no means numerous." The assertion is vague and apparently groundless. But even supposing Dr. Wallace were right, it remains a fact that on the one hand the majority of the unemployed who are to be absorbed by his scheme are unskilled industrial town-dwellers whilst on the other hand the colonies (if they are to be anything like self-supporting) will be almost entirely agricultural, and the mode of life in them will for a very long time be excessively primitive. How many of the original colonists would stay for a year? and what is to become of the deserters who we are told "could not again be admitted"?

Two examples of successful co-operative communities are cited by Dr. Wallace. One at Ralahine in Ireland, and the other at Frederiksoord in Holland. The first was composed of agricultural labourers, and the second (we are told by Mr. J. A. Hobson) costs the Dutch nation £23 per head per annum. Neither, therefore, is of much value.

Dr. Wallace further assures us that his scheme would make Old Age Pensions and workhouses unnecessary, since it would abolish pauperism altogether. How he reaches this conclusion he does not explain, and one is left to wonder how the widows, orphans, infirm, cripples, and insane, who constitute the mass of our existing paupers, are to be provided for when the poor rate is no more.

To be quite blunt, Dr. Wallace's scheme is no scheme at all. It not only does not solve the problem of unemployment, it does not even touch it. The two great causes which lie at the root of the problem, trade fluctuations and the casual labour system, are not so much as referred to. The proposals outlined only profess to deal with the permanently unemployed, who may be counted in tens of thousands; they offer nothing for the intermittently employed, who may be counted in millions. And our chief concern should surely be for the latter—to save them from the demoralisation of "the kerf," before it is too late. The 1,500,000 British wage-earners who were in work in 1907, are unemployed now, and will possibly be in work again by 1910, find no place in Dr. Wallace's scheme, and, therefore, even if it were sound to the limit of its pro-

fessions, it would still have no claim to the title of "The Remedy for Unemployment."

It is, indeed, difficult to understand how this pamphlet ever came to be written by such a man as Dr. Wallace. To say that its manner and method are utterly "unscientific" is to put the case mildly. Some light is thrown upon the point, however, by a sentence at the end, where the author informs us that his qualifications consist of "a considerable acquaintance with the literature of this subject." He has studied books—where the problem has not yet been even efficiently stated—instead of studying the unemployed. Perhaps that is why he wants them to make the bones and horns into "old-fashioned but useful lanterns."

CLIFFORD SHARP.

Unedited Opinions.

VI.—An Indian Nationalist.

AN Indian Nationalist came into the office the other morning. He appeared supernaturally agile-minded, and had concealed fires of passion behind his eyes. Here at any rate was Young India. I questioned him.

Tell me, I said, what view do you take of the Indian movement?

The most serious—for England; the most hopeful—for India.

Is the movement very general?

Among at least a hundred millions of the population.

Is that possible?

Possible? It is actual. You English do not realise what has been happening these last fifty years. You think India is still the India of the '57 Revolution: or what you call the Mutiny. It is nothing of the sort.

In what respects does it differ?

In language, in religion, in spirit, in ideals, in everything. Largely owing to the English influence there is now a common language among educated Indians; and therefore a universal means of communication. Largely owing to you again, there is a common religion, another band of union. We call our religion now *Bande Mataram*.

But surely the Hindus and Mahomedans and Parsis are not united?

Their differences are less and fewer than their points of agreement. Then take the Native States. You imagine they will prove a source of weakness when the time comes? I tell you that Hyderabad is even now almost unsafe for an Englishman. Remember the Nizam to-day is not the Nizam of half a century ago. Do you realise how much your papers have to suppress of news from India? You never heard, did you, that Indian troops refused to fire on the Mohmands, and refused to fire on the Zakka Khel! Why did they? Why were they not punished? Oh, you English are stupid.

But your people have no arms!

You have heard of gun-running in the Persian Gulf. Arms will not be wanted in the next revolution. More terrible weapons will be employed. Guns are a mistake.

I don't follow. What do you suggest?

Oh, never mind. Call it a massacre, anything you like. We shall call it a revolution.

But my dear fellow-subject, your suggestion is diabolic.

Not more so than the English treatment of India. Your devils are suave and correct, but they have iron hands, my friend.

And you personally calmly contemplate such a revolution as you hint at?

What can we do? We have petitioned and waited for fifty years. Four Royal Proclamations have been issued, each repeating its predecessor: the last differing in no wise from the first. Viceroys have come and gone, and, except Lord Ripon, not one has understood or attempted to understand India. They culminated in Curzon, the most offensive ruler India has ever known.

But what about Lord Morley's reform scheme?

Let me tell you Lord Morley has hastened by twenty years the Indian revolution.

How?

Morley, you know, was the young Indians' beau ideal of the English philosopher-statesman. Hundreds of our people knew his works off by heart: better than he knows them himself. If three years ago they could have chosen an Indian Secretary they would have chosen Morley. But what has he done? Convinced the Indians that there is no meaning in fine words, and that the best Englishman is a tyrant in practice. Of all his reforms, not one but has passed through the sieve of the official gang in India. Not one of them bears the stamp of the John Morley we know. Either he has been outwitted and repulsed at every turn by the officials (in which case he ought long ago to have resigned), or he has played the traitor. Anyhow, he is the worst because we expected him to be the best Secretary India has ever had.

Why do you not appeal to the English people?

My dear sir, it is useless. India must work out her own salvation. Besides, your English people are too busy making money to listen to Indians about India. Your Nevinsom came. Your Keir Hardie came; but what have they done? We expected Keir Hardie after his visit to India would stir up all England: but his speech in the House was nearly as moderate as Morley's: and nobody in the country listens to Keir Hardie any longer.

Can't you use the English Press?

The English Press closes its door to us. The "Manchester Guardian" prints an occasional article: the "Daily News" often refuses. Of course the rest are hopeless.

But you have your own English Press.

Yes, but who reads "India"? We are starting in January a new paper, "Swadeshi," a fortnightly magazine. We propose to print 5,000 copies and to circulate it among all the libraries and prominent men. But do you think anybody will read it? A lot of niggers writing, you people will say.

I remember: Lord Salisbury's idiotic phrase!

Not his alone, but the phrase on the lips of millions of your countrymen. And we a people that were civilised when your race was savage; we a people that produced Buddha before your nation was born! And don't think we have changed so much all that long time since. The English are still barbarians in India.

But can you suggest no further means of awakening England to its danger?

Frankly, it is not our affair. We are not governors of India. Why should we instruct our governors? We mean to be free and free we will be, whether your people understand or not.

But you would prefer they should understand?

I'm not even sure of that. India needs to win freedom, not to have it given her.

Then why take any trouble to publish your papers in England?

Our leaders are divided. Some wish England to understand; others, like myself, are indifferent. We please everybody: each does what he thinks best.

What are your demands?

You mean what does India mean to have?

Yes, if you like.

The complete withdrawal of England from India.

England will never consent until she is dead.

Oh, I do not mean an instant evacuation. We are not prepared for that: though we shall be one day. What we ask is that England shall undertake to withdraw from India as soon as possible compatible with India's welfare. You pretend that you have been there for our good. Show us that you have, by withdrawing as and when we have no need of you. Unless you are prepared to do that, all your pretensions are lies.

Would India be satisfied now with a Royal Proclamation to that effect?

Only if guaranteed. We have had enough of Royal mendacities. Remember, four Proclamations, and not one carried into effect.

What guarantees would be sufficient?

I fear you cannot give the guarantees we demand. Our people would not believe you. They would believe it was done to gain time; and meanwhile your Kitchener would be organising and organising, and your Cabinet scheming and plotting, and your Anglo-Indians setting one State against another, and all with a view to withdrawing the Proclamation as soon as you felt safe again. No, we cannot believe you.

Then in your mind the case is hopeless?

For England, yes.

I write what was said.

A day or two later another Indian came to call on me. Do you know X, I asked him, naming the first gentleman?

Oh, very well.

He made my flesh creep with his story, I went on. What was it? he asked.

I repeated in outline what I have written above. My young Indian looked grave.

"I'm afraid most of it is true," he said.

But are you not concerned that the English public should know before it may be too late?

As a Socialist I am concerned that English Socialists shall know: the rest are hopeless. I believe that English Socialists alone have a mind to know. I would do anything in the world to let the Socialists know. But even they —.

A. R. ORAGE.

VICTOR GRAYSON

IS AT

TOWN HALL, EAST HAM,

ON

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH.

Doors Open 6.30. No Seats Reserved after 7 p.m.

Chairman: C. N. L. SHAW.

I.L.P. ORCHESTRA.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.

TICKETS, 6d. and 1/- (Cash with Order.)

EAST HAM I.L.P., 274 Barking Road, East Ham.

BOOK IN TIME.

Charles Ashleigh, Cardiff Land Grabber, and Independent Socialist Propagandist, is now in London, and has dates open for lectures on "Land Grabbing," "The New Revival," and "Socialism in S. Wales." Terms, expenses and collection for Cardiff Land Grab Colony. S. D. P. Branches and others please note. Apply—C/o

—NEW AGE OFFICES,

12-14 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

CREMATION.

REDUCED CHARGES.

CHEAPER THAN EARTH BURIAL.

PARTICULARS FREE.

JOHN R. WILDMAN,

40, MARCHMONT STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone: HOLBORN 5049.

Telegrams: "EARTHORN, LONDON."

GOOMBE HILL SCHOOL,

WESTERHAM,

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

An attempt to secure proper scope for the play of instincts and impulses, and to provide a series of purposes by the performance of which ideas may grow into clearness and freedom.

Principal, Miss CLARK.

Maternitis.

I AM a Suffragist, and have been to many meetings. At most of these meetings we have discussed Maternity and the Child Question. The Suffragists, with the Power of the Vote, are going to protect the mother and help the child. The opposers of women's suffrage take a similar line, but they think that the appearance of the mother at the polling station is synchronous with the neglected child at home. We wax very hot over the question of the mother and the child at our meetings, and we pat ourselves on the back and tell ourselves we are doing something very heroic in getting so hot in so noble a cause.

Why? I have been thinking over the matter for some time now, and have arrived at no satisfactory solution to my question as to why it is so noble to be a mother. It is natural. Certainly. A good many things are natural that nobody would think of calling heroic. It is altruistic. Is it? Mothers love their children very dearly and very tenderly; they are ready to make the greatest sacrifices for them, it is true, but mainly, I maintain, because they are their children. I have yet to meet the mother (I don't think she exists) who, struggling round a capsized boat, with a crowd of drowning children, would deliberately select the healthiest, most intellectual, best developed of the number, and for the sake of her duty to the race, save it at the expense of her own puny, undersized, possibly mentally deficient, son.

But to return to the heroics of maternity and the platitudes about its purity and perfection we hear on every side. A woman feeds her own child. How beautiful! Why? It is a very pleasant sensation to suckle a child, if one can; so pleasant that the mother's sensuous enjoyment is frequently reflected in a voluptuous smile—the beatific smile of maternity, or the vacuous smile of one whose brain is empty and whose body is at ease. The mother likes to have her children about her; her own children, mark you, not those of other people. She devotes herself to her children. The children come into the room; her occupation, however important, is thrust on one side; her mental interests, if any, are obliterated; her friends are utterly ignored, or cannot be heard above the screaming of little voices, the clapping of tiny hands. But no matter: she is so unselfish; such a good mother.

The daughter of the good mother is well reared and well equipped, mentally and physically; naturally she survives the diseases of childhood, and grows into a healthy young woman. It is then her turn. An equally healthy and well-reared husband being selected for her (or perhaps she selects him for herself), she gets married, she bears a child in due course, and, from that moment, the sacrifice of her own life begins. Her child in its turn grows up, mates, and produces another child, and so on, and so on. This question of breeding is unending, and rather dull. No matter, so long as the good mother crowns it from her pedestal.

But it is the way to produce the ideal child you say, and that is surely very important. It is. Well, the ideal child has not arrived yet, but his advent is undoubtedly at hand, for the new generation is up and striving, and the talk is all of the Superman. What will it be like when it comes is another matter; but it will certainly be something very wonderful. It will be antiseptic, prophylactic, etc., etc., with all our modern hygiene and sterilizing apparatus; a clean feeder, too, if one may use so gross a term, with a diet list consisting of herbs and cereals, and all those curious concoctions which are made with nuts. It will be wonderfully intelligent, with its Norland nurses

and kindergarten classes, and its time will always be profitably employed, so that it will never cry, for it will never have anything to cry for, unless, peradventure, it desires the moon. Poor little ideal child, I can't help feeling rather sorry for you, with these tremendous, colossal advantages.

As for the husband, ideal or not, his day is over; it was over from the moment the child was conceived. Let us put him in the background at once until we have made laws to consign him to the lethal chamber as soon as his part is played. It is a little rough on the ideal child, perhaps, should he happen to be a boy; but, after all, what has he come into the world for except to produce more children? No, the fiat has gone forth: we are to breed, and breed, and breed; we are to marry solely for that purpose, never consulting our hearts unless it be with the aid of the stethoscope, and bringing our health certificates with us to the altar—I mean the medical officer. The mother must remain upon her pedestal, however uncomfortable she may find it, and to keep her there we must tell her that maternity is unselfish, when we know that it is the most selfish thing in the world; that it is pure, when we know that it is sensual; that it is tender, when we have seen it tigerish in its cruelty if anything comes between it and its own.

And the end of it all? Who knows? The Millennium, perhaps, or a world peopled with the "great blond beasts" beloved of Nietzsche. But why waste time speculating when it is our duty to be up and breeding? Breeding for the world to come, oblivious of the world that is, forgetful that the world to come, born amid the world that is, must shoulder its heavy burden of sacrificial folly. HELEN GEORGE.

The Shepherd's Tower.

I SAW it when the dawn was first declared—
His tower, whose body generations reared,
Its soul the Shepherd's own.
Not blue the ambit of the twilight sky,
But clear and warm as ancient ivory,
Enshrined that flower-like stone.

As ivory unstained, and then there flowed
Through the wide eastern heaven rays that glowed
Into the upper white.
With delicatest fire and gentle fawn,
The campanile's summit answered dawn
And heralded the light.

Upsoaring from the silence, where still kept
Blue shadows while the lily city slept,
Child of the morning sky,
You floated into flame, yourself a flame
Above all wonder and beyond all fame—
A glorious mystery.

One with the firmament and not with earth,
Melting into the very morning's mirth,
To heaven's high self avowed,
Wrought of the roseate dayspring, pierced with shade
Of pearly eves, night fluted, rainbow rayed,
Windowed with purple cloud.

Thy colours echo morn and night and noon.
Moonrise on earth and sun-rise on the moon,
White Venus and red Mars;
The deep green shadows of a mountain grove,
The foam that glimmers and the waves that rove
Under the setting stars.

Pillar of fire! Symbol of the Re-birth,
Lifted for ever on this radiant earth
By Tuscan Giotto's might,
Laud we the dust he piled in Arno's plain
To beckon Italy, ere yet again
His own dust sank to night.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Florence, May, 1908.

Abraham Lincoln.

By Francis Grierson.

"I have imagined people in future generations asking the questions: "What! have you seen Abraham Lincoln, and heard him speak? Have you looked on Grant and Sherman?"—WALT WHITMAN.

I.

THE first time I saw Lincoln was at Alton, the romantic old town on the Mississippi, in the State of Illinois, in the very heart of Lincoln's country. It was on the 15th of October, 1858.

I was very young when my parents left England to settle in Illinois, following the example of a kinsman who had gone out to the same country; and here, on the banks of the Mississippi, we had the good fortune to witness the last great debate on slavery between Lincoln, the rail-splitter, and Douglas, the Little Giant. It was a memorable day. Thousands of people poured in from every section of the east and west. The town was like a place in possession of a ravaging army.

My father had for some years been a prominent "Lincoln man," and on this day he revelled in the final triumph of his political "idol." No words could express what the Republicans felt at Lincoln's moral victory, while the pro-slavery men looked the daggers they dared not use. For it was here in this same Alton that Lovejoy, the fearless Abolitionist, was assassinated in cold blood by a cowardly mob of pro-slavery "fire-eaters" some years before. I must confess that this experience face to face with Lincoln was not calculated to fill me with any special reverence for the "great" men whom I afterwards met at Washington, great as some of them were considered to be, nor for many others in different parts of the world, the famous politicians of France, for instance, whom I met in Paris on my first sojourn there in 1869, not one of whom could foresee the approaching war with Germany. In one way this experience at Alton was hardly a good beginning for me. It was like starting at the very top of the ladder and then stepping down. Still, I have always felt thankful that I once lived and moved amongst giants, both big and little, and that I had not to wait for middle-age to discover the difference between a real individual and a merely distinguished personality. Indeed it required no great discernment to distinguish the difference between the great political debaters of that wonderful time and the self-made lawyer, wonderful even in a country famed for its brilliant self-made men.

In St. Louis, where we went to live, we witnessed the voting for Lincoln in the autumn of 1860; also the very beginning of the war in the interior, and where I often met Grant and Sherman. In St. Louis I acted as page to the foremost military commander of the hour, Gen. John C. Fremont, who had previously been one of Lincoln's political rivals, and was at the outbreak of the war living in a sort of princely state in a mansion on Choteau Avenue, with a brilliant retinue of officers, and as difficult to approach as some crowned heads.

In the late 'sixties, while living at Washington, I became acquainted with many of Lincoln's friends, and heard much concerning his habits, his customs, his irrepressible humour, his love of story-telling, his incorruptible will, his prophetic patience, his belief in his mission. My friend, Don Piatt, the witty editor of the "Washington Capital," declared Lincoln to be the homeliest man he ever saw: "His body was a huge skeleton in clothes; his face defied artistic skill to soften or idealise, yet it brightened like a lit lantern when animated. His dull eyes would fairly sparkle with fun, or express as kindly a look as I ever saw, when moved by some matter of human interest." Another of my Washington friends, Congressman Julian, described the laugh of Lincoln as being like that of "Sartor Resartus," "a laugh of the whole man, from head to heel."

For myself, I can only say that I have studied the life and work of Abraham Lincoln from every point of view, and have formed some conclusions of my own, that is, as far as the impenetrable mystery of genius will permit a student of human nature to penetrate.

II.

Abraham Lincoln belonged to that rare class whom Edmond Scherer calls "les grands mélancoliques." Of these I find two sorts: those who laugh because they can, and those who languish because they lack the faculty of laughter. Humour is the safety-valve of genius, a 'scape-pipe for the vapours of apprehension and melancholy. Statesmen and soldiers without this gift rush in where angels fear and devils dare not tread. A tragic gloom made Bonaparte a wandering lunatic, Bismarck a marauding minotaur, and Gladstone a man who saw everything with only one eye.

By virtue of that mysterious quality conferred on the intellect by a sense of the humorous and the absurd, Disraeli's political career was more brilliant than that of any other British statesman since the time of Burke. He, more than any other, understood the disabilities and the imbecilities of the modern social and political world. He made no move that was not well worked out in his own mind in advance. What Bacon calls the dry light of reason became, in Disraeli's case, the dry light of humour. When he laughed, it was not with, but independent of, the world. He was a practical humorist; for there is a practical humour, as there is a practical mysticism. But the matter of fact methods of his jocular freaks had nothing to do with the ethics of patriotism. He swore he would arrive, and he did arrive. It was a personal affair.

Humorists may be divided into three classes: the cynical, the sardonic, and the sentimental. The cynic is a product of observation and experience, and a combination of the cynical and the sardonic made Disraeli the greatest practical cynic of the age. A practical humorist is a man who can see himself double, one who can stand outside his own body and behold himself as others would see him if for one moment he let himself commit the ridiculous. He can, if he pleases, be his own accuser, his own counsel, his own judge, and his own jury, and finish by discharging himself from the bar of his own reason without a stain on his character.

Now, Abraham Lincoln was the greatest practical humorist of his time, perhaps of all time. Where Disraeli used his wits for the advancement of his person or his party, Lincoln used his for the good of the whole country, the furtherance of a universal principle. He laughed at his own stories, but the moral remained; and a humorous story which points a moral is better than a moral that produces depression. Other men could very well have been mistaken for what they were not. Washington might have passed for a country squire, Disraeli for a lawyer or sculptor, Gladstone for a judge or bishop, Whitman for a country schoolmaster, Poe for an artist or musician. Alone, of all the great men of his own country, Abraham Lincoln bore the imprint of Nature on every feature, the sign of the Western soil, the virgin wilderness, the unsullied atmosphere, the untrammelled dominion of individual freedom. There was about his dark, rugged face and his gaunt figure something that harmonised with the dark, silent waters of the Mississippi in its least romantic aspects; for Lincoln, whose existence was one long romance, was the least romantic mortal that anyone could possibly imagine. He was not an artist, like Disraeli, nor a prose-poet, like Burke, nor a man of imaginative eloquence, like his great rival Douglas; and for a very good reason—he had no imagination. Humour and imagination were strong points in Disraeli, humour and logic in Lincoln.

None of the famous American humorists were men who had the imaginative faculty strongly developed; and Mark Twain is so little of a poet that only once in his most serious book, "Life on the Mississippi," does he speak adequately of the great river, and then only in ten lines. While Disraeli displayed humour and imagination, humour and logic held Lincoln to mother earth, to plain statements, plain facts, and plain people. Mark Twain has been successfully imitated, Whitman is far from insurmountable, Poe's detective stories have engendered a host of successful emulators. To imitate Lincoln one would require to be born again; no one ever looked like him, no one ever acted like him,

no humour was ever so intimately related to far-reaching vision, moods of melancholy, and moments of incommensurable and incommunicable power. Beside him the academical politicians of Virginia and Massachusetts appeared provincial rhetoricians, book-worms, or fanatics. His long, lank body, awkward hands and feet, his ill-fitting clothes, the in-exorable individuality of his head and face made the senatorial aristocrats at Washington look like tailors' dummies from London or intellectual automatons from Boston. He spoiled reams of their classical rhetoric by a page of witty reason, conciliated party fanaticism by the suave logic hidden in his outbursts of pleasantries, and sterilised the poison of patriotic bigotry by a combination of patience, tact, and prophetic intuition such as was never known before in the history of politics.

There are two kinds of oral magic: one depends upon tone, manner, and rhetoric; the other ignores these and achieves its end by the natural and the simple. Voice and rhetoric die with the age; the natural and the simple remain. The first is the vox humane, the second is the vox Dei. Abraham Lincoln possessed the second, with something more. He had about his person a quality that made domineering and quarrelsome officials hold their tongues and bow their heads in their moments of anger and desperation. This quality gave offence. In fact, there were three men who offended, while the others acted like human pictures in old-fashioned gilt frames. Poe was too original, Whitman too natural, Lincoln too simple. The first offended by his genius, the second by his candour, the third by his never-failing humour, frank simplicity, and uncompromising sincerity.

Lincoln had in his Cabinet the redoubtable Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, an avowed rival, planning to be the next President in place of Lincoln, the iron-willed Stanton, Secretary of War, and the proud and peremptory Seward, the greatest American diplomat of the century. His Cabinet represented "all the talents, all the popularities" of the time; yet, after three years of intense opposition, fierce party-strife, and smouldering jealousy, he made them feel like cripples racing against a giant through a forest of stumps, a flock of geese that ceased from quacking to watch the far-reaching flights of the triumphant condor.

When, in May, 1861, three months after the outbreak of War, Secretary Seward prepared a carefully-worded despatch to the American Minister at the Court of St. James it was Lincoln who took the despatch in hand and, with erasures and additions, proved himself a past grand-master in the mystical diplomacy of words, an adept in the art of phraseology. This despatch, corrected by the backwoods President with so much cunning and wisdom, prevented the irreparable calamity of a war with England.

A high-pressure education means a low-pressure of knowledge. One of the secrets of Lincoln's power lay in the fact that no one ever pressed him to learn anything. A university is a forcing-tube where the brains of genius go in at the big end and come out at the little end, like patent tooth-paste or refined vaseline, the free application of which is supposed to inoculate others with the divine virus of a lingering classicism. Lincoln had the miraculous good fortune to escape the filleting process. He went through life with all his awkward bones untwisted, with his lank frame, his languid movements, heavy countenance, quick wit, dreamy moods, and clear vision. Although he was always observing and always learning, no one could add an iota to the will, the character, or the substance of the man. At the age of thirty-six he was alluded to as "Old Abe," and what he was at twenty he remained to the day of his assassination.

He possessed intuition; but intuition without experience in worldly affairs is a trap which illusion sets for the unsubmitting and hurried probationer. Without a long and varied experience, impulse and impression are often mistaken for the last word of wisdom. Experience was Lincoln's first teacher, his own genius his second. When a young man he made a trip down the Mississippi in a flat-boat, and in New Orleans got his first experience of the horrors of negro-bondage.

It takes a wise politician to express animosity with tact, and in later years Lincoln expressed his opinion of slavery by wrapping his hatred in subtle and entertaining humour mingled with adroit and remorseless logic. It took him twenty years to purge the popular mind of the North of some of the superstitions about slavery. The thinker radiates ideas, the man of action applies them, but Abraham Lincoln did both. He had achieved many great deeds, but on his Proclamation of Emancipation he passed from national to universal fame, and became immortal.

The famous Proclamation was issued on January 1, 1863, and at that time my parents had left St. Louis and were living at Niagara Falls, in the State of New York, far removed from the strife of war, and I well remember the excitement it caused, even so far north. But, although the slaves were now free by law, the war was not over, and some of the hardest battles were yet to be fought. The year 1863 was the most momentous year of the long and bloody strife. The beginning of the end began on the 18th of April, when General Grierson, a near relation of mine, and a descendant of Robert Grierson, the "Red Gauntlet" of Scott's novel, set out from a village in Tennessee with a body of cavalry numbering 1,600 men to make what has since been known in the history of the war as "Grierson's Raid." He passed through the entire length of the State of Mississippi, the distance covered amounting in all to 800 miles, and not till this feat was accomplished did Grant and Sherman see their way to the end. The raid gave them a clearer knowledge of the military situation of the enemy in the far South, and made it possible for Sherman to march his army of 60,000 men from Atlanta to the sea. When Lincoln heard of General Grierson's brilliant achievement, he exclaimed, "This is the first clean sweep of our troops by land to the waters of the Gulf, and I believe the worst is over."

The war ended in April, 1865. But the greatest scene in the long drama was yet to be enacted. It came about in a play-house at Washington. On the evening of April 14, while seated in a private box at Ford's Theatre, Lincoln was assassinated by Wilkes Booth, an actor of talent, crazed with fanatical and sectional hatred. The nation was plunged in mourning, party-strife was forgotten, and for three weeks business ceased throughout the country. Not till May 1 did the funeral cortege reach Chicago on its way to Springfield, Illinois. I passed along through the great Court House with thousands of others to take a last look at the remains.

Abraham Lincoln changed not only the customs, habits, and opinions of the major portion of the American people, but the opinions and sentiments of millions of people in other parts of the world. He was not a type. He loomed unique and solitary, like a sphinx in the desert of Democracy, a symbol of destiny and disruption in the Ethiopian night of modern slavery.

EXTEMPORE SPEAKING.

By the Rev. J. EDGAR FOSTER, M.A.

Fourth Edition. The most complete and practical text-book on this subject. The system herein taught is very simple and easily acquired. There is no possibility of forgetting a discourse during delivery if prepared according to instructions.

Price 2s. 6d. per copy, post free.

From J. F. SPRIGGS, 21, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON.

Descriptive circulars free on application. Name Paper.

HATED BECAUSE DREADED. JUST EXPELLED

From Camberwell Free Library Reading Rooms, By Order of the Borough Council with the applause and assistance of the Free Churches Council.

"THE FREETHINKER,"

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

Published Thursdays TWOPENCE
PIONEER PRESS, 2, NEWCASTLE STREET, E.C.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS AT HALF PRICES!!

NEW BOOKS AT 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

Books on all Subjects and for all Examinations
(Elementary and Advanced) supplied.

TATE WANTS. SEND FOR LISTS BOOKS SENT ON APPROVAL.
BOOKS BOUGHT. GOOD PRICES GIVEN

W. & G. FOYLE, 136 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I CONTINUE from last week my notes on the great stolid comfortable class which forms the backbone of the novel-reading public. The best novelists do not find their material in this class. Thomas Hardy never. Eden Phillpotts, never. H. G. Wells, almost never; now and then he glances at it ironically, in an episodic manner. Hale White (Mark Rutherford), never. Rudyard Kipling, rarely; when he touches it, the reason is usually because it happens to embrace the military caste, and the result is usually such mawkish stories as "William the Conqueror" and "The Brushwood Boy." J. M. Barrie, never. W. W. Jacobs, never. Murray Gilchrist, never. Joseph Conrad, never. Israel Zangwill, never. Leonard Merrick, very slightly. Frank Harris, never. George Moore, in a "Drama in Muslim," wrote a masterpiece about it twenty years ago; "Vain Fortune" is also good; but for a long time it has ceased to interest the artist in him, and his very finest work ignores it. George Meredith was writing greatly about it thirty years ago. Henry James, with the chill detachment of an outlander, fingers the artistic and cosmopolitan fringe of it. In a rank lower than these, we have William de Morgan and John Galsworthy. The former does not seem to be inspired by it. As for John Galsworthy, the quality in him which more than any other vitiates his right to be considered a major artist, is precisely his fierce animosity to this class. Major artists are never so cruelly hostile to anything whatever as John Galsworthy is to this class. He does in fiction what John Sargent does in paint; and their inimical observation of their subjects will gravely prejudice both of them in the eyes of posterity. I think I have mentioned all the novelists who have impressed themselves at once on the public, and genuinely on the handful of persons whose taste is severe and sure. There may be, there are, other novelists alive whose work will end by satisfying the tests of the handful. Whether any of these others deal mainly with the superior stolid comfortable, I cannot certainly say; but I think not. I am ready to assert that in quite modern English fiction there exists no large and impartial picture of the superior stolid comfortable which could give pleasure to a reader of taste. The best novelists who now sympathetically occupy themselves with the superior stolid comfortable are writers of the calibre of Anthony Hope, E. F. Benson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss May Sinclair: peers of Henry Arthur Jones, and slightly better than Arthur Wing Pinero. Rather hard on the class that alone has made novel-writing a profession in which a man can earn a reasonable livelihood!

* * *

The explanation of this state of affairs is obscure. True, that distinguished artists are very seldom born into the class. But such an explanation would be extremely inadequate. Artists often move creatively with ease far beyond the boundaries of their native class. Thomas Hardy is not a peasant, nor was Stendal a marquis. I could not, with any sort of confidence, offer an explanation. I am, however, convinced that only a supreme artist could now handle successfully the material presented by the class in question. The material itself lacks interest, lacks essential vitality, lacks both moral and spectacular beauty. It powerfully repels the searcher after beauty and energy. It may be in a decay. One cannot easily recall a great work of art of which the subject is decadence.

* * *

The back-bone of the novel-reading public is excessively difficult to please, and rarely capable of enthusiasm. Listen to Mudie subscribers on the topic of fiction, and you will scarcely ever hear the accent of unmixed pleasure. It is surprising how even favourites

JULIAN REVELSTONE

Now Ready. 6s.	By JUSTIN McCARTHY. Author of "Dear Lady Disdain," "A History of our Own Times," etc.	Now Ready. 6s.
----------------------	--	----------------------

First Impression exhausted on day of publication. Second Impression now ready.

"Unflinching interest is maintained with never-failing skill."—*Scotsman*.
"A charming and idyllic story."—*Daily News*.

THE ROGUE OF RYE

Now Ready. 6s.	By W. WILMOTT DIXON.	Now Ready. 6s.
----------------------	----------------------	----------------------

A clever historical novel dealing with Napoleon's attempted invasion of England. A spirited narrative, replete with stirring incidents and dramatic situations.

A QUESTION OF MEANS

Now Ready. 6s.	By M. B. CROSS. Author of "Love and Oliva," &c.	Now Ready. 6s.
----------------------	--	----------------------

"For us it has a charm, and there are few, we think, who would not be the better for reading it."—*Morning Post*.
"Miss Cross's best characters are good to be with. Moreover, her narrative is always healthy and self-controlled."—*Times*.

IDOLATRY

Ready To-day. 6s.	By ALICE PERRIN. Author of "The Stronger Claim," "The Waters of Destruction," &c.	Ready To-day. 6s.
-------------------------	--	-------------------------

This is another of Mrs. Perrin's fascinating Anglo-Indian stories. Those who have read and enjoyed her previous novels will not be disappointed in "Idolatry."

THE JUNE PRINCESS

Ready Feb. 18. 6s.	By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. Author of "An April Princess."	Ready Feb. 18. 6s.
--------------------------	---	--------------------------

The story of a girl's search for happiness. She battles bravely through many an adventure, experiences many different kinds of love, and eventually discovers the goal of her long journey.

THE MERRY HEART

Ready Feb. 25. 6s.	By FRANK A. SWINNERTON.	Ready Feb. 25. 6s.
--------------------------	-------------------------	--------------------------

A story of life in modern London. It relates with imagination and delicate humour the adventures of several young men and women engaged in daily work in the city.

A CASTLE OF DREAMS

Ready Mar. 4. 6s.	By NETTA SYRETT. Author of "The Child of Promise."	Ready Mar. 4. 6s.
-------------------------	---	-------------------------

A clever and fascinating Irish romance.

Prospectuses of any or all of the following series post free.

- | | |
|--|---|
| The Medici Series of Coloured Reproductions after the Old Masters.
The New Medieval Library.
The St. Martin's Library. | Authors for the Pocket Books for Children.
The Shakespeare Library.
The King's Classics.
Bibliotheca Romanica. |
|--|---|

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

are maltreated in conversation. Some of the most successful favourites seem to be hated, and to be read under protest. The general form of approval is a doubtful "Ye-es!" with a whole tail of unspoken "buts" lying behind it. Occasionally you catch the ecstatic note, "Oh! Yes; a sweet book!" Or, with masculine curtness: "Fine book, that!" (For example, "The Hill," by Horace Annesley Vachell.) It is in the light of such infrequent exclamations that you may judge the tepid reluctance of other praise. The reason of all this is two-fold; partly in the book, and partly in the reader. The backbone dislikes the raising of any question which it deems to have been decided: a peculiarity which at once puts it in opposition to all fine work, and to nearly all passable second-rate work. It also dislikes being confronted with anything that it considers "unpleasant"; that is to say, interesting. It has a genuine horror of truth neat. It quite honestly asks "to be taken out of itself," unaware that to be taken out of itself is the very last thing it really desires. What it wants is to be confirmed in itself. Its religion is the status quo. The difficulties of the enterprise of not offending it either in subject or treatment are, perhaps, already sufficiently apparent. But incomparably the greatest obstacle to pleasing it lies in the positive fact that it prefers not to be pleased. It undoubtedly objects to the very sensations which an artist aims to give. If I have heard once, I have heard fifty times resentful remarks similar to: "I'm not going to read any more bosh by *him*! Why, I simply couldn't put the thing down!" It is profoundly hostile to art, and the empire of art. It will not willingly yield. Its attitude to the magic spell is its attitude to the dentist's gas-bag. This is the most singular trait that I have discovered in the backbone, throughout all my agreeably sardonic observation of it. My curious joy in it will never diminish.

* * *

Why, then, does the backbone put itself to the trouble of reading current fiction? The answer is that it does so, not with any artistic, spiritual, moral, or informative purpose, but simply in order to pass time. Lately, one hears, it has been neglecting fiction in favour of books of memoirs, often scandalous, and historical compilations, for the most part scandalous sexually. That it should tire of the fiction offered to it is not surprising, seeing that it so seldom gets the fiction of its dreams. The supply of good, workmanlike fiction is much larger to-day than ever it was in the past. The same is to be said of the supply of genuinely distinguished fiction. But the supply of fiction which really appeals to the backbone of the fiction-reading public is far below the demand. The backbone grumbles, but it continues to hire the offensive stuff, because it cannot obtain sufficient of the inoffensive,—and time hangs so heavy! The caprice for grape-nut history and memoirs cannot endure, for it is partially a pose. Besides, the material will run short. After all, Napoleon only had a hundred and three mistresses, and we are already at Mademoiselle Georges. The backbone, always loyal to its old beliefs, will return to fiction with a new gusto, and the cycle of events will recommence.

* * *

But it is well for novelists to remember that, in the present phase of society and mechanical conditions of the literary market, their professional existence depends on the fact that the dullest class in England takes to novels merely as a refuge from its own dullness. And while it is certain that no novelist of real value really pleases that class, it is equally certain that without its support (willing or unwilling—usually the latter), no novelist could live by his pen. Remove the superior stolid comfortable, and the circulating libraries would expire. And exactly when the circulating libraries breathed their last sigh the publishers of fiction would sympathetically give up the ghost. If you happen to be a literary artist, it makes you think—the reflection that when you dine you eat the bread unwillingly furnished by the enemies of art and of progress! Still, there is a holy joy even in that.

JACOB TONSON.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT

By BLACKBURNE GORSUCH.

Described by

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

AS

"A VERY GOOD STORY."

A Weird Study in Human Vivisection.

Read half of it this month in

THE OPEN ROAD,

which contains much else to surprise, please and help you. Threepence, postage 1d.

Ready on the 15th

11, CURSITOR STREET, CHANCERY LANE,
LONDON, E.C.SPECIAL OFFER.

PLANETARY JOURNEYS AND EARTHLY SKETCHES.

By G. RAFFALOVITCH.

F'cap 8vo, Cloth Gilt. Published at 2s. 6d. net.
Will be sent *POST FREE* for 1s. 6d.

"Their writer possesses a certain distinction of style, and has the faculty of deftly introducing emotional or pathetic chords, which he strikes with the touch of an artist."—*Scotsman.*

Orders should be sent direct to

THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.

12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

NOW READY.

The Church Socialist Quarterly, Or OPTIMIST.

JANUARY issue 94 pp., 6d. net. By post 8d.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Economic Socialism. By CONRAD NOEL.

Of Sentimentalism and the Head and Heart.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

Modernism and Socialism. By A. L. LILLEY.

Socialism in Turkey. By NOEL BUXTON.

The "Moderate" Reformer and the Socialist.

By A. J. CARLYLE.

Of all Newsagents and Booksellers, or direct from the
Publishers

THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,

12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

DUNCAN MACDOUGALL,

TEACHER OF VOICE PRODUCTION, NATURAL
ELOCUTION, AND DRAMATIC ART.Special attention given to the training of Public Speakers. Schools visited
and coached for "break-ups."

Individual Tuition, £2 2s. and £3 3s. per Term.

Dates open for Lectures on Public Speaking, Literature, and the Drama.
New Term for Elocution and Dramatic Classes about to begin: 10s. 6d.
per Term. Bernard Shaw's "Man of Destiny" and other Plays to be
cast shortly (Vacancies). Write for Prospectus.Studios at the Gouin School of Languages, 185, Oxford Street, W., and
54, Gloucester Crescent, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

TUITION FOR EXAMS. AND GENERAL CULTURE.

Educational Booklet Free.
Expert Tutors. Low Fees. Special Commercial and
Literary Courses.

J. B. RATHBONE, A.C.P.,
Phoenix Correspondence College,
GUILDFORD.

BY POST

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Recent Verse.*

I HAVE before me the two volumes of "Poètes d'Aujourd'hui" and two little plaquettes of verse by members of the Poets' Club—almost an antithesis, but not quite. "Poètes d'Aujourd'hui" is the flower of thirty or more years' conscious and ardent artistic effort, the work of pioneers, iconoclasts, craftsmen, and artists who fought for their art against ridicule, who chose even ludicrous names to isolate themselves in their art, and who listened week by week to the noble phrases and philosophies of the Maître, Stéphane Mallarmé. But the Poets' Club is apparently a dining-club and after-dinner discussion association. Evening dress is, I believe, the correct uniform; and correct persons—professors, I am told!—lecture portentously to the band of happy and replete rhymesters—and one or two poets, accidentals. How did Lady Margaret Sackville stray into "this galley"? The most notable poems—almost the only poetry in these two books—are hers. This one stanza, from an ode to Aphrodite, outweighs almost the whole of the print of the other members:—

Wherefore the shrine that is to her most meet
Is one bright gleaming on some dangerous shore
Where the slow dancers on gold-sandalled feet
May feel the sea-wind sweep across the floor;
Where every cloud of the storm-laden skies
Shall cast its shadow, and the sullen rain
Enter at will, and the soft dove's low call
Be mingled with the sea-gulls' mournful cries—
Where, when the flickering altar fires are vain,
The flaming storm may light her festival.

The only other poems worthy of note are Mr. Selwyn Image's verses, though not very original; Mr. Henry Simpson's beautiful "Alba"; Mrs. E. M. Cran's "Lone Song"; and the quaint conceit of "Autumn," by Mr. T. E. Hulme. For mere verse, Mr. F. W. Tancred's "Poems" are not without the merits of their preciousness. He is often inspired by fat chops and chips, it is true; but then he has a pretty way of ornamenting his lines with resonant names, the effect of which is quite charming—in an eighteenth century sense. I think of this club and its after-dinner ratiocinations, its tea-parties, in "suave South Audley Street"; and then of Verlaine

*"For Christmas MDCCCXVIII," by members of the Poets' Club; "Poems," by F. W. Tancred, M.P.C.; "Pan Worship, etc.," by Eleanor Farjeon (Elkin Matthews, 2s. 6d. net); "The Living Chalice," by Susan L. Mitchell (Maunsel, 1s. net); "The Story of Amaryllis," by Viola Taylor (Sidgwick, 3s. 6d. net); "Psyche, etc.," by John Garth (Allenson, 4s. 6d. net); "The Golden Bridal," by A. S. Johnstone (Cornish); "Poems," by W. E. B. Henderson (Kegan, 2s. 6d. net); "The Cry on the Mountain," by J. A. Mackereth; "Sir Christopher," etc., by A. E. Jessup (Nutt, 1s. net each); "Love as Pedlar," by Lady Alice Eyre; "Day Dreams of Greece," by C. W. Stork (Elkin Matthews, 1s. net each); "Songs of London," by H. E. A. Furst (Gowans, 6d. and 2s. 6d. net); "Clifton Chapel," etc., by Henry Newbolt (Murray, 1s. 6d. net); "New Poems," by W. G. Hole (Bell, 1s. net); "Selected Poems," by Laurence Housman (Sidgwick, 3s. 6d. net); "The Immortal Hour," by Fiona Macleod (Foulis, 3s. 6d. net); "Works of James Thomson" (Oxford, 2s.); "Songs from the Garden of Kama," by Laurence Hope (Heinemann, 12s. 6d. net).

at the Hôtel de Ville, with his hat on the peg, as a proof of his presence, but he himself in a café hard by with other poets, conning feverishly and excitedly the mysteries of their craft—and I laugh. Those discussions in obscure cafés regenerated, remade French poetry; but the Poets' Club—! We look on poetry as the highest art; not music, because music must be phrased before it can appeal as poetry does; not sculpture, though the visible embodiment of beauty; not painting, which is decorative mainly; not though all these three take overtones from the rest; but poetry, wherein the whole imaginable universe lives—mirrored in the pool of our being, which is stirred by the wind of our emotions—and is expressed in the living beauty of words and symbols and the strange beauty of individuality, which men have imposed on Nature and called Art. The Poets' Club is death.

Miss Eleanor Farjeon's verse is a delight to the eye and to the ear. I think in this book of hers she has strung together in sweet song nearly all the beautiful and honied words in the language. In sweet song, I say, because she knows little of Dionysus and Dionysus Zagreus, having apparently been touched by no great passion and no great sorrow; life has been too easy for her. She has woven her songs for the most part out of sunshine and laughing flowers, and in this she has not always escaped the danger of dwindling into mere prettiness. Still, she has a dainty fancy and an admirable joy of words:—

In Cobham woods the bluebells run,
Celestial rillets, streams and rivers,
Or else a purple lake they lie,
Or little azure pool;
The blue flood shimmers in the sun
Or under the wind's breathing shivers,
While drops cerulean-tinted spill
Among the grass. Then very still
The dim sweet waters grow and cool
Like shadows of the sky.

After this, what has she to do with the ante-rooms of oculists? Her joy of words is shown on every page, even in sentimental moments, as in some early poems, I think—not only of words, but joy of the things they express: wood, tree and leaf, grass and sun, sky and sea, a garden, the setting of a tranquil game of love, and flowers. She sees the pagan beauty of the world through the eyes of Pan, edulcorated by her modern upbringing; and just as de Heredia noted how the earth alone remembered the gods, caressing their ruined statues each spring with a green acanthus, so Miss Farjeon pauses before a broken Pan all overgrown with leaves, and a cry of desire to know the god as he was known in enchanted twilights in Arcadia is forced from her. But

Numb pointed ears, ye hear
Only the wash and whisper of far waters,
The pale green waters of thin distant springs
Under the pale green light of distant moons,
Washing upon the shores of the old, old world
With a foam of flowers, a foam of whispering flowers.
A foam of whispering flowers . . . exactly! But cannot Miss Farjeon go a step farther? Is the real Pan so very far off?

Of an altogether different inspiration is Miss Susan

TWO EYE-OPENERS ON SOCIALISM.

"Frank Jannaway has dogged my footsteps for years. I decline to answer his questions."—R. BLATCHFORD.

Net. 3d. each.

"I should like to put you on the tramlines, and see you run over and killed."—A CLARION SCOUT.

WHY DO THESE GODLESS SOCIALISTS THUS TALK?

The answer will be found in two pamphlets now on sale at the bookstalls of W. H. SMITH & SON and other leading booksellers.

ONE IS ENTITLED,

"A GODLESS SOCIALISM,"

OR, THE HANGING OF HAMAN WITH HIS OWN ROPE.

By F. G. JANNAWAY.

"This book has compelled Mr. Blatchford to revise his boasted masterpiece, 'Merrie England,' which revision is being falsely advertised by 'The Clarion' as a 'reprint,' whereas facts have been suppressed to accommodate his new blasphemous views, including the whole chapter on 'Paid Agitators,' without any intimation to the purchaser of the deception."

THE OTHER IS ENTITLED,

"WHICH IS THE REMEDY?"

A VERBATIM REPORT OF THE SOCIALISM DEBATE IN LONDON, BETWEEN F. G. JANNAWAY AND REV. SWANN.

"The Daily Mail" (Hull) says: "Many opponents are too gentle in their methods. Mr. Jannaway adopts a more vigorous treatment, and shows considerable acumen in calling things by their plain names and showing how they look when stripped of Socialistic jargon and turned into plain English."

If your bookseller has not yet stocked them, order them on your way to business and call for them on your way home, as they can be obtained wholesale and retail in a few hours of the Publishers, W. H. SMITH & SON, 186, Strand, W.C.

L. Mitchell's "The Living Chalice." She treads the ways of the heart and of the spirit, and life that overflows in flowers is with her crystallised into essential jewels and symbols. She is one of a band of poets, of whom A. E. is the chief; and she seems to have nothing to say which the master has not already said—perhaps, however, a little personal note of her own. This may be unjust; but A. E.'s vision of life can surely have only one interpretation and one interpreter. Perhaps if Pan was married with OM, poetry might be better served. But Miss Mitchell's verse is at least a contribution to poetry, which cannot be said of "The Story of Amaryllis," by Miss Viola Taylor. One is, at least inspired by real feeling, the other, if not of a machine-made quality, merely rings the changes on phrases taken out of books—Ronsard, Swift, anybody. Miss Taylor must fling aside this smug and easy way of putting verse together, and take poetry seriously as a high art, to be wrought at with all the passion in her. Had she been anything of an artist-craftsman, with any sort of consciousness of artistic vitality, most of her book would not have been written; the rest—might have been poetry. And in the same way, "Psyche, etc.," by John Garth, and "The Golden Bridal," by A. S. Johnstone, would have almost nothing left; "Poems," by W. E. B. Henderson, and "The Cry on the Mountain," by J. A. Mackereth, perhaps a few pages; "Sir Christopher," by A. E. Jessup—a much finer and different poem (your "Sir Christophers" are so superannuated; and Coleridge is much better reading); and "Love as Pedlar," by Lady Alice Eyre—well, Lady Alice Eyre writes poetry to pass the time away. "Day Dreams of Greece" are ancient Greek stories told pleasantly in blank verse, and that is all. In "Songs of London," Mr. Furst has quite a personal note; he is caustic and humorous, gay, grave and sentimental, and can be read with pleasure. But most of his verses would read better if they had been written as little sketches in prose. In Paris this is an art by itself.

We look on poetry as the highest art; and it is a melancholy thing to receive books from all parts of the country, plain with the evidence of their lack of guiding inspiration, uninformed with any vital fire. English poets are all at cross purposes; most of them without the intellectual honesty to set to it and study and apply their craft.

Memento: We have also received the following reprints:— "Clifton Chapel, and other School Poems," by Henry Newbolt, quite admirable in their way. "New Poems," by W. G. Hole; I can find no reason to endorse the enthusiastic reviews of this book, quoted at the end. The cover is, to me, an eyesore. "Selected Poems," by Laurence Housman; those who care for this writer's bloodless and colourless verse and the atmosphere of gloom, repressed passion, and abandonment to Christ which, with real power, he manages to convey, will find this selection admirable. "The Immortal Hour," by Fiona Macleod; a well-printed and tasteful edition of a very beautiful work. "The Complete Poetical Works of James Thomson"; "O, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!" Here you are at last with a complete, variorum, and annotated edition of your poems, over which all the cares of scholarship have been expended. But the dramas (and the celebrated Sophonisba, Jemmy!) must still remain in oblivion. But Dryden was born in 1631, not 1700. "Songs from the Garden of Kama," by Laurence Hope: This edition is illustrated by a very fine portrait of Violet Nicolson (Laurence Hope), and by inset photographs taken by Mrs. Eardley Wilmot. Laurence Hope's passionate song does not gain, I think, by these photographs, good, bad, or indifferent. Many of them are merely an intrusion and an impertinence, as when the line, "The Spring where the Panthers come to drink," is illustrated by a photograph of any spring, one that may have taken Mrs. Wilmot's fancy. And so on with other photographs. The truth is that making a poet's work topical like this is an artistic howler. The book is well printed, and the cover has an Oriental richness—quite so!—but for W. H.'s imprint (once again!). F. S. FLINT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

THE NEED FOR SOCIALIST UNITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I observe that in their new little book, "The Problem of Parliament," our friends Grayson and Taylor appeal to Blatchford, Keir Hardie, and myself to endeavour to bring about a united Socialist party. Speaking on my own behalf, I can state, as a matter of fact, that I have never ceased to work in this direction for fifteen years, and that the S.D.F., as a body, has done the same. But what is to be done with delegates of other organisations who vote unanimously in favour of unity at International Socialist Congresses and then refuse to take any steps whatever in this direction on their return home? These constitute the "rank and file" of whom Grayson and Taylor seem to be

YOU HAD BETTER READ THE BOOK.

This is the book that is being talked about a great deal in Socialist Circles. A letter to parents for their children, setting forth in simple language the truth about the facts of Sex.

HOW WE ARE BORN

It is clean and wholesome, and enables parents to answer many awkward questions. How many children get their information where it can only do them harm! Price 2s. Net.

MIND CURE.

INSTEAD OF DRUGS. The HOW and WHY of Mental Healing: A Critical Consideration. By ARNOLD EILOART, B.Sc., Ph.D. 6d. net. Cloth 1s. net. Postage id.

DIET CURE.

GOOD REMEDIES. Facts about Foods and their Medicinal Uses. By FLORENCE DANIEL. 6d. net. Cloth 1s. net. Post. id.

LONDON: C. W. DANIEL, 11, CURSITOR STREET, CHANCERY LANE.

Fry's

CELEBRATED

Cocoas & Chocolates

Recommended by the Highest Medical Authorities.

Makers to H.M. the King, & T.M. the King & Queen of Spain.

PICTURE-FRAME MAKING.

Maximum of Taste,
Minimum of Cost.

Strongly Recommended by Mr. PALMER
of THE NEW AGE.

J. EDGE, 155, High Holborn, London, W.C.

This is an oblique point (Relief style) and can be supplied with any Neptune Pen at 5/- upwards

Neptune Pens

(Any steel pen matched). The high reputation of these pens has been maintained since their introduction in 1890. They are the best value for money ever given. Engineer Commander G. A. Haggerty, R.N., 14, South Parade, Southsea, writes on Mar. 17, 1908: "The 'Neptune' Pen (a 10s. 6d. one) has scarcely had a day's rest during the sixteen years I have had it." (Hundreds of testimonials can be seen at our office).

Every pen sent out has been tested with ink and found perfect.

PRICES: 2/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, 16/6.

(Write for new Catalogue)

Obtain of your stationer or send P.O. direct to

Manufacturers: Burge, Warren & Ridgley, Ltd., 91 & 92, Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C.

A turned-up point can be supplied with any Neptune Pen at 5/- each upwards.

THE RIGHT TO LIVE CAMPAIGN.

AN INAUGURAL MEETING OF A NEW PARTY FORMED
TO ABOLISH LEGAL STARVATION

WILL BE HELD AT THE

HOLBORN TOWN HALL,

ON

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd,

At 8 p.m.

AN ADDRESS EXPLAINING ITS AIMS AND OBJECTS

WILL BE GIVEN BY THE

FOUNDER OF THE MOVEMENT.

THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY

JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq., M.I.C.E., &c.,

Author of "How It Can Be Done," "Work and Wealth for All," &c.

The men and women organising the "RIGHT TO LIVE CAMPAIGN" are comparatively unknown, but are **DETERMINED TO DO SOMETHING** to dispel the present horrible destitution and poverty, and abolish enforced starvation for every citizen who is willing to work to maintain himself and his dependents. The Campaign will be a **Campaign of Conciliation and Consolidation**, as it will bring together those who, whilst representing every phase of social reform and political activity, are all agreed that the present nightmare of unemployment must come to an end.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30 P.M.

TICKETS 1/- and 6d. each.

To be obtained at the New Age Office, 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street; HENDERSONS, Booksellers, 66, Charing Cross Road, and at the Doors.

This Meeting will Make History. You must be there.

COME EARLY.

hopeful, failing their chosen three as the bell-wethers of this desirable move onwards. I am ready to speak and work for unity henceforth as heretofore, and I have never done so more continuously or more vigorously than during the past six or eight months. Blatchford, who has been out on the same mission, can bear witness to that.

One of your own contributors in a recent number of your journal refers to some of Marx's theories as having been abandoned by all intelligent economists. Of course, as I have myself given up none of Marx's theories, and am, indeed, just publishing a new edition of my "Economics of Socialism," in which I reaffirm my confidence in their soundness, I cannot, in face of this ex cathedra pronouncement, pretend to be an intelligent economist. I should be glad to know, nevertheless, which portion of Marx's economic views has been thus recognised as indefensible. Or can it be possible that the intelligence which has thus surrendered at discretion the opinions of a great genius is not really intelligent? That point I might even try to investigate when I am informed where Marx went wrong.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

* * *

THE LEAGUE FOR THE ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

So many ladies have written to me about this league that it is quite impossible for me to reply to all the letters personally just at present. I hope to give an entertainment in order to raise preliminary funds, which will be advertised in THE NEW AGE during the next few weeks, and after that all enquiries shall be answered promptly.

"Gwendolen Bishop" is one of those happy women who are economically independent. She is in a position to consider as an art or a sport the "sweedling" which is a woman's only means of livelihood when she has no dividends, and has not been brought up to a profession or trade.

French women of the middle class have better heads for business than French men. It was an American woman who, foreseeing the Knickerbocker Trust panic, accumulated bullion and made an enormous fortune. There is no physiological reason we should not gain money for ourselves; except at the time when we are bringing up babies. For this purpose it is only fair that men should pay a tax and organise a system of State insurance for mothers. The family would be much more tolerable if the members of it were free of the burden of economic dependence; and since some people say the family is the backbone of the State, it is the duty of the State to make it bearable to men, women, and children, servants, and outsiders.

FLORENCE FARR.

* * *

THE GRAMMAR OF LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

That criticism is really a process of self-revelation, just as advice is a form of autobiography will one day be generally recognised.

In the criticism of my book, "The Grammar of Life," that appeared in THE NEW AGE of January 21st, the picture of himself that the reviewer reveals is one against which I must beg to protest. The book is a serious one, and the views and descriptions, whether they come from mine or some other pen, are ones that, being based on science, will have to be faced by a new age, in which science is a predominant factor. Your reviewer, however, throws over the book the cloak of his own personality, and tries to oppose the views expressed by methods which, had he read the book, he would have found therein described: "Ridicule transfers, by means of laughter, the unfamiliar from the state in which fear of it is felt to one in which there is no fear." Your reviewer's chief weapon is one of ridicule. He calls me an amiable sort of person, says that I entertain myself with a figure of putty and glass eyes, that I have, apparently, never seen a girl, and himself inserts the words, "with dolly," to ridicule a quotation to which he gives no other answer. His attitude towards the descriptions of the relations of man and woman show clearly the reason why he is incapable of reading carefully, or in any way understanding the book in question. He is a sentimentalist, with his ideas deduced from affection and, therefore, limited, as affection must needs be, to a narrow circle. His knowledge is in the primitive condition of being confused by, instead of master of, feeling, and he cannot appreciate the application of universal formulæ, which, whether they be adequate or inadequate, appeal to the intellect, apart from and not through the feelings.

I repeat that criticism is a process of self-revelation, that the critic throws his own picture on the canvas. I repeat also that the book is a serious book, and the result of a good many years observation in different countries of the world, and I object strongly to the fate that has led it

to be stamped in your paper with a portrait of the sentimental cowardice of alarmed cockneydom.

G. T. WRENCH.

[Dr. Wrench's letter may serve as the model of his book. He starts with a platitude which is nowise strengthened by its repetition at the end. To call his book a serious one does not necessarily make it so. To travel far and spend years in observation does not necessarily make the observations of value. To dignify every worn out truism and crude generalisation with the name of science is to bring discredit on an entirely useful part of one's equipment.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

ONE PENNY.

HOMES AND THE LAND.

PRACTICAL POLITICS FOR COUNTRY PEOPLE.

By MONTAGUE FORDHAM, M.A.

ONE PENNY.

Postage 3d.

LONDON. THE OPEN ROAD PUBLISHING CO.,
11, CURSITOR STREET, CHANCERY LANE.

NOW READY.

BOUND IN ART CLOTH. A SECOND REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF REGENERATIVE FOOD AND COOKERY.

By W. A. and E. WILLIAMS.

With chapters on—The Quality of Food, and the Right Combination of Foods; the Art of Bread and Cake Making without Yeast, Barm, or Chemical Rising; the Food Value of Nuts, with formulae for the preparation of all kinds of Nut Cakes, Nut Meats, Soups, etc.; How to Prepare all kinds of Fruit Dishes, Salads and Drinks, etc.

In its review of the first edition "The Crank" (now "The Open Road") says:—"To conclude, I may say that I have read through nearly every Food Reform Cookery Book published, and I have no hesitation in saying that I think it to be the most satisfactory so far."

L. N. FOWLER & CO., LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.
Or through your bookseller, at 1s. 6d. net. Post free, 1s. 9d.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:—

	One	6	12	26
	Insert.	Insert.	Insert.	Insert.
16 words	1/-	5/-	10/6	17/-
24 "	1/6	7/6	15/6	22/6
32 "	2/-	10/-	21/-	28/6
40 "	2/6	12/6	26/6	35/6
48 "	3/-	15/-	31/6	41/6

Cash must accompany order, and advertisements must be received not later than first post Monday morning for same week's issue.

AN ARTIST IN TEMPORARY DIFFICULTIES would be glad to Sell his large Academy Landscape (4ft. by 3ft.)—highly praised by the Times—for £20.—Apply, Box 20, NEW AGE.

BEAUTY AND PRODUCTIVITY.—Collection Vegetable Seeds, 2/3, 3/-, 5/-, 9/6 upwards. Collection Hardy Annuals, 2/6 upwards. Collection Sweet Peas, 12 or 18 Varieties, 1/-, 1/6. Everything for the Garden. Catalogue Gratis.—J. G. BALE, Church Lane, Hampstead, London.

BIRTH.—Charles E. F. Lewis, of Brockley, at 4.30 a.m., February 7th, 1909—a Boy—DONOVAN. Both mother and son doing well.

BOARD AND EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.—Home in connection with Classes for Day-pupils. Four Boarders received. Humanitarian diet.—The Misses MESSREUX, Oakdene, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

CONVENIENT VILLA, 5 rooms, bathroom (h. & c.), and Scullery, Gas. Near two stations. Leasehold, £250, or would et.—5, EXEC Road, Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

FRENCH RIVIERA.—Boarders received for winter, sunny comfortable house. Terms moderate.—Les Charmettes—Ermigat Antibes. (Alp-Mar.).

HOUSING QUESTION SOLVED.—Why not enter your own house, in any district, at once? NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED. Representatives may receive deeds without further payment, in case of death.—Write for particulars, J. C. 177A, Longley Road, Tooting, S.W.

MEN and Women wanting pleasant profitable work (spare time). Write J. W. GOTT, 28, Church Bank, Bradford.

SOCIALISM.—J. POINTER, 47, Lown Street, Attercliffe, Sheffield, asks for Week-night Lecturing Engagements during the Winter.

THE POETS AND SOCIAL REFORM.—Unconventional LECTURES by DR. ARNOLD EILOART, Ditton Hill, Surbiton. Syllabus free.

TYPEWRITING.—8d. per 1,000 words. Remington. Neat, accurate copies.—JOHN H. RUDIN, 8, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE BIBLE PROVED BY THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.
ZION'S WORKS, with Catalogue, in Free Libraries.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH," "The Unitarian Argument" (Biss), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke) "Atonement" (Page Hopps), given post free.—Miss BARNBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

YOUNG MAN, 27, Dismissed for Socialistic Propaganda, desires berth Shorthand, typewriting, accounts, French, German; well-educated; good appearance and address; some platform ability. Highest references. Box 33

HAVE IT FREE to "NEW AGE" Readers.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of The New Edition of the Encyclopædia of Social Reform we are enabled to give all "New Age" Readers the unique opportunity of seeing and testing this compendium of

Social Facts and Figures

before they send us any money whatever. We will send the work to you FREE OF ALL COST and allow you 3 Clear Days in which to examine it. Then if you are not satisfied return the volumes at our expense, or, if you so desire, you are at liberty to purchase the work by monthly instalments.

THE ONLY COMPLETE TEXT BOOK OF SOCIOLOGY, NON-POLITICAL, ALL-EMBRACING.

EDITED BY
SPECIALISTS

SPECIAL BRITISH EDITION
THE NEW INTERNATIONAL

FACTS, NOT
THEORIES

Encyclopedia of Social Reform

Complete in 2 Volumes—1455 Royal 8vo Pages.

This great work contains the latest authoritative information upon all the principles underlying social, industrial, and economic movements of the world. It furnishes an unexcelled amplitude of records and data, including the experiences of the past, the latest facts of the present, and the most intelligent proposals for the future. It is at once an encyclopedia of Political Economy, Sociology, and Political Science. NO OTHER WORK HAS EVER APPROACHED IT in completeness or accuracy; no other has been prepared with the co-operation of so many specialists. It is Bibliographical, Biographical, Explanatory, Historical, and Topical.

A WHOLE LIBRARY CONCENTRATED INTO ONE WORK

SOME LEADING Direct or Indirect CONTRIBUTORS

Jane Addams
Nettie Adler
Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith
Canon S. A. Barnett
Richard Bell, M.P.
Prof. E. W. Bemis
Clementina Black
Helen Blackburn
Lord Brassey
Hon. W. J. Bryan
Earl Carrington
Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill
Hon. Walter Clark
Dr. John Clifford
J. R. Clynes, M.P., J.P.
Constance Cochrane
Earl Cromer
Lord Curzon of Kedleston
Mrs Despard
Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George
Cardinal Gibbons
Earl Grey
Lady Grove
H. Rider Haggard
Keir Hardie, M.P.

Every
Leading Topic
of
Twentieth Century
Progress
has been treated

EDWIN PUGH says:

"Some readers of THE NEW AGE may remember that some time ago I was clamouring for a Dictionary of Socialism. I said that such a dictionary, if it were to be of real service, would have to be thoroughly well done; that it would entail much labour and considerable expense; that there would have to be a whole-hearted and efficient co-operation and co-ordination of the best forces to make the enterprise entirely successful. Well, and here we have not that volume, but something much better; a production of a scope and capacity far more generous and comprehensive and of a tone far more eclectic and catholic in every way; and, moreover, a production against which the reproach of prejudice and bias cannot possibly be hurled. In short, it is all that it claims to be and rather more. I am wholly sincere when I aver that I have never praised any book with a clearer conscience, nor have I ever awaited the thanks of any who may become purchasers of it on my recommendation with a serener assurance of their gratitude."

SOME LEADING Direct or Indirect CONTRIBUTORS

George Haw
Prince Kropotkin
Prof. Lindsey
Edwin Markham
Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna
Christabel Pankhurst
Dr. J. B. Paton
Edward R. Pease
Rt. Hon. Sir H. Plunkett
Hon. T. Roosevelt, LL.D.
G. Bernard Shaw
G. N. Barnes, M.P.
Percy Alden, M.P.
Upton Sinclair
Lady Henry Somerset
Count Leo Tolstoy
John Trevor
F. Verinder
Henry Vivian, M.P.
John B. Wallace
Dr. Booker Washington
Sidney Webb, L.C.C.
H. G. Wells
Sir T. P. Whittaker, M.P.
Israel Zangwill

Every
Article Carefully
and
Authoritatively
Compiled from
latest Reliable Data

SOME OF THE MULTITUDE OF SUBJECTS TREATED.

Agriculture.—The Back-to-the-Land Movement; small holdings; betterment.
Arbitration and Conciliation.—For the settlement of industrial disputes. The New Board.
Child Labour.—Protection and Perils.
Education.—Its cost per pupil; its cost per capita of population.
Employers' Liability.—Compensation; insurance risks. State Insurance Statistics.
Expenditures and Cost of Living compared.
Finance and Taxation.—Where reforms are needed and why.
Municipal Trading by British Municipalities shown by tables giving cost, capital value, income, profits; gas works yield greatest profit.
Poverty in Great Britain; cost of its relief. Poor Law Commission data.
Socialism; Its Growth in the World.
Suffragettes.—Women's rights; Female Franchise, and all connexional movements.
Trades Unions.—Are they the working man's best friend?—Members and Funds.
Unemployment latest data.—1909 proposals
Wages and Hours of Labour.—Are wage conditions improving? Eight Hours Day, Wages Boards.

SPECIAL "NEW AGE" FREE EXAMINATION FORM.

Cut Out (or Copy) This Form
and Post at Once

in open envelope bearing ½d. stamp. You will receive complete work in due course to Examine Absolutely Free of All Cost, and you may either retain or return the 2 Volumes just as you wish.

NO MONEY. NO LIABILITY.

THE NEW AGE PRESS 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.—GENTLEMEN.—Please forward to me free of all cost, a copy of THE NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOCIAL REFORM, (British Edition) for examination. If I do not care for the work I will return it within three days at your expense. If I keep the work I will remit to you 5/- within eight days, and 5/- for each six consecutive months thereafter, thus completing the published price of 35/- nett.

Name.....
Address.....
Profession.....
Date.....1909.

Use your own notepaper if preferred.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE PROBLEM OF PARLIAMENT: A Criticism & a Remedy.

BY
VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P.,
and G. R. S. TAYLOR.

80 pages. Paper, 6d. net. (post 7d.).
Cloth, 1s. net. (post 1s. 2d.).

CONTENTS.

THE PROBLEM STATED.
LIBERALISM AND CONSERVATISM.
TRADE UNIONISM.
SOCIALISM.
THE SOCIALIST SOCIETIES.
THE LABOUR PARTY.
THE SOCIALIST PARTY.
PROGRAMME AND TACTICS.

**THIS BOOK SHOULD BE READ BY
EVERYBODY INTERESTED IN THE
SOCIALIST AND LABOUR
MOVEMENTS.**

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSTALLS,
Or from the Publishers,
THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,
12-14, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

A BOOK EVERY SOCIALIST SHOULD READ.

LEADERS OF SOCIALISM PAST AND PRESENT.

By G. R. S. TAYLOR.

Crown 8vo, Wrapper, 1s. net. By post, 1s. 2d.
Cloth, 1s. 6d.; By post, 1s. 8d.

"Briefly, but with judgment and vivacity, Mr. Taylor reviews the panaceas which have been advocated by social reformers from Robert Owen to Robert Blatchford, points out their merits, and shows where they have failed. Karl Marx is, in Mr. Taylor's opinion, "the greatest figure in Socialist history." Fourier he thinks rather lightly of. Mr. Bernard Shaw is treated as Mr. Shaw treats others, Mr. Keir Hardie is handled with respect, and Mr. Robert Blatchford is dealt with in the lightly humorous way in which Mr. Taylor clearly is a master. It is an able little book."—*The Scotsman.*

CONTENTS:—

ROBERT OWEN	H. M. HYNDMAN
SAINT-SIMON	SIDNEY WEBB
FOURIER	J. KEIR HARDIE
LOUIS BLANC	G. BERNARD SHAW
FERDINAND LASSALLE	JEAN JAURES
KARL MARX	ROBERT BLATCHFORD
WILLIAM MORRIS	

THE NEW AGE PRESS,
12-14, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

NOW READY.

THE REFORMERS' YEAR BOOK, 1909.

Crown 8vo. Wrapper, 1/- net. By post 1/3.
Cloth, 2/- net. By post 2/3.

**THE MOST COMPLETE REFERENCE
BOOK OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.**
THOROUGHLY REVISED UP TO DATE
AND ENLARGED.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS.**Section 1.—PARLIAMENTARY.**

Present and Late Ministers; List of Members in Houses of Lords and Commons; Addresses, Constituency and Majority, Bye Elections; The Labour Party; Political Organisations; Record of the Government.

Section 2.—LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Constitution and Powers of Local Authorities; Socialist Representation on Local Authorities; Municipal Trading.

Section 3.—TRADE AND FINANCE.

National Budget; Income and Expenditure; Taxation of Land Values; Census of Production, etc.,

Section 4.—IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN.

Irish Question; Indian Reform Movement; The World's Colour Problem; Young Turkish Movement; Egyptian Nationalism; Congo Reform.

Section 5.—QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

Unemployment—A Remedy; Afforestation; Nationalisation of Railways and of Canals; Liquor Licensing; Sweating and Wages Boards; Reform of the Poor Law; Housing; Agricultural Problem; Reform of the House of Lords; Reform of Parliamentary Procedure; Disestablishment.

Section 6.—SOCIALISM.

The Facts on which Socialism rests; Proposals of Socialism; Socialist Organisations; Socialism Abroad—Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and United States.

Section 7.—TRADE UNIONISM.

Strength of Trade Unionism throughout the World; Trade Disputes and Arbitration; Principal British Trade Unions—Addresses and Funds; Trade Union Congress, 1908; Trade and Labour Councils and Addresses.

Section 8.—WOMEN'S WORK.

Women and Women's Work; Societies—Industrial and Political; Working-Girls Clubs; Industrial Laws relating to Women.

Section 9.—CO-OPERATION.

The Co-operative Union; Wholesale Co-operation; Productive Co-operation; Retail Co-operation; Agricultural Co-operation; Labour Co-partnership; Co-operation Abroad.

WHO'S WHO OF REFORMERS. 100 Biographies.

THE SOCIALIST, LABOUR, AND REFORM
PRESS.

REFORM SOCIETIES: Complete Directory.
BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

DIRECTORY OF USEFUL ADDRESSES, con-
taining over 3,000 names and addresses.

**AN ABSOLUTELY INDISPENSABLE
BOOK.**

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS,
Or from the Publishers,
THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,
12-14, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.